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WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner



J.E.L.

A great Army of Mothers will be Remembered on Mothers' Day. If your Mother is still spared to you, don't forget that love token which is due to her. Write that letter or pay that visit while you have the chance, or you will regret it when Mother is gone.

(See pages 2, 3, 4 and 5)

THE wind swept boisterously through the gap in the mountain range down on the town which nestled in kind of hollow below. Every once in a while strains of music from a cornet and bursts of singing would be heard by the dwellers in their scattered cottages way up on the mountainside. The songs died away and then would suddenly revive in a curious manner as the wind rose and fell.

It was The Army on the march, and the small group of comrades were glad to find shelter in the cosy interior of their Hall after being exposed to the cold, raw wind. They took their seats and a rousing meeting was soon under way.

Drawn and Haggard

While the gathering was in progress the figure of a man stumbled through the dark streets outside. His face was drawn and haggard, and, although he appeared to be scarcely much more than a young man, he was walking with a peculiar, tottering gait. One would have thought he was cold, to watch his shivering progress. But he was not cold. His twitching limbs were the result of something far worse than the chilling breeze.

At length the poor creature stood under the lamp which lighted the entrance to The Army Hall, hesitated a few minutes and then entered. He quietly occupied a back seat and remained there, as it were, in a stupor, until the meeting finished. The Officer in charge was quick to step forward and intercept the man before he could reach the door to go out. He shook hands with the wretched fellow and kindly beckoned him back to a seat to ascertain, if possible, whether he needed some assistance.

Softened His Heart

The warm comfort of the Hall and the evident interest shown in him softened the man's heart, and with moist eyes he related the following story:

"My parents are well-known residents of (naming a Canadian city). My father being a contractor I was brought up well, my mother being a good Christian woman and a staunch member of the church. She had rather old-fashioned notions of religion and was, above all things, a great believer in prayer. She taught me as a child how to pray."

"My father was not much of a church-goer. He was absorbed almost entirely in business affairs, and what time he had to spare was spent at his lodges and clubs. Beyond ar-

ranging for my education, he paid little or no attention to my affairs, leaving my moral education entirely in the hands of my mother.

Young and Foolish

"Then the world with its numerous attractions opened before my hungry eyes. I disregarded the advice and pleadings of my mother, and not having the close companionship of my father to lend a firm, guiding hand and restrain me, I soon got linked up with a set of wild young fellows who dared me to sever myself from my mother's apron strings and see life as it appealed to them. I was young—I was foolish. And so I went.

"In a very short while I found myself being swept along the river of pleasure down the rapids of debauchery, and heading for the whirl-

pool from my evil habits. I would have done so several times, but the drug habit had gained a grip upon me that I could not break. On one occasion I was sent to a sanitarium where I was given several weeks' treatment and afterwards discharged as cured. But I was not.

The Old, Terrible Craving

"On my return home I visited a pool-room for a game of billiards and met an old acquaintance. We conversed for some while and I told him where I had been. He at once produced a phial containing morphine tablets. 'Here, take a shot of this and it will put you on your feet in no time,' said he. I did not have the power to refuse. The old terrible craving surged up in an instant, and from that time on I became a con-



"I saw a face rise up before me—it was my mother's"

pool of ruin. My so-called friends introduced me to the cards, wine cup and, what was ten times worse, the drug-habit. Many a night I came, or was brought, home worse for all of these.

"My mother's anguish was terrible, my father's anger knew no bounds; my sisters, who were very kind to me, did their best to persuade me to

firm dope fiend, a wreck physically, mentally and morally. I left home in search for drugs, and gained such a notoriety that I am known to the police in most of the cities of Canada.

"Yesterday I landed in this town and, last night visited a gambling joint in the lower part of the town in the hope of securing 'dope.' Some

Daily Bible Readings for the Quiet Hour

choose and fit their new leader for his difficult work.

Wednesday, May 16th—Phil. 1:1-14.

"He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

"Take courage, soul!
Our Father's grace is equal to our
And we may trust and follow where
He leads.
He'll safely guide,
If we just hold fast His hand,
Keep by his side!"

Sunday, May 13th—Num. 24:1-11.

"The Lord hath kept thee back from honor." This was so clear to the onlookers that even King Balak, heathen as he was, ascribed it to the Lord, the Protector of Israel. The Devil still doctoress his dopes in a similar way to-day. Many would tell you this if they spoke the truth. Balaam lost even the temporal prosperity and worldly honor for which he had sold himself.

Monday, May 14th—Num. 24:12-25.

"He . . . which knew the knowledge of the most high." Balaam's story shows the terrible possibility of really knowing God and of passing on His messages of blessing and warning to others, and yet ending up life as a backslider. Before his death in battle while fighting against God's people, Balaam led the Israelites into terrible sin, and his memory will always be hated. What a sad end for a man who once knew God!

Tuesday, May 15th—Num. 27:12-23.

"Let the Lord . . . set a man over the congregation." Moses had the father-heart, the shepherd spirit. He knew that Israel's new leader must be of God's own choosing—no one else would have the needed love and patience to bear with the people's faults and failings. Only "the God of the Spirit of all flesh" could rightly

MOTHERS' DAY - MAY 13TH

Mother's eyes may have lost some of the old-time sparkle; there may be silver threads in her hair; perhaps a stoop to the stately shoulders—but, mother is still the most beautiful woman in the world. There is a great army of mothers to be remembered this approaching Mothers' Day. Love tokens in gifts and flowers will doubtless be many, but if you are away from the old home don't forget to write her.

REMEMBER MOTHER'S PRAYERS

men were playing a game of poker and I took a hand. One of the players was an Italian who, as I thought, served me a dirty deal. It was under the influence of liquor and drugs that the Devil caused to put into my head. I decided to make trouble.

"Swearing the cards from the talk with my left hand, I leaned across and seized the throat of the Italian with my right hand, and, in a desperate, frenzied effort, attempted to choke him. The fires of Hell inflamed my soul and my grip tightened and more till my companion alarmed beyond measure, fled upon me, trying to force me to let go of my hold.

"Possessed for the moment with superhuman strength, I shook the victim off, and with tightening grip saw my victim's dark skin turning ashen and then purple, his eyes bulging out. I cared not what I did. Just then a strange and remarkable thing happened. I saw a face rise up before me—it was my mother's—her gentle, reproachful look smote me to the heart.

"My fingers loosened on the Italian's throat and, like a man in a dream, I allowed myself to be dragged off while the unfortunate wretch I had nearly strangled fought for his breath. The Chief of Police got wind of the affair and gave me twelve hours to get out of town."

Told of the Only Cure

As the man spoke great tears welled up in his eyes. He knelt down to pray and then sobbed again and again till quite a small pool of water lay on the seat. The poor fellow was dealt with, told of the only cure, and prayer was made that the Blood of Christ would avail in this most desperate case.

A kindly doctor's aid was sought. Steaming hot coffee was brought and the man began to be more a rational being. His gratitude to the Officer was most affecting. In accordance with the police order he was compelled to leave town, to go where? Let us hope that he sought to lean upon the mighty aid of his maker, God, for without that help no drunkard or drug addict can snap the fetters which bind them.

A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh, and I will put My Spirit within you.

Ezekiel 36:26-27.

Thursday, May 17th—Phil. 1:15-30.

"Unto you it is given . . . to suffer. Yes, to you also, God gives chances of witnessing for Him in dark and difficult places. Your prison visit may not always be so clearly defined as Paul's, but their limitations will be none the less real and hard to bear if, like Paul, you learn to look upon your trials as golden opportunities of witnessing for the Saviour you love. All the bitterness will be taken off of them.

Friday, May 18th—Phil. 2:1-11.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

"Love has a hem to its garment That touches the very dust; It can reach the stains of the sins and lares."

"And because it can—it must. It dare not rest on the mountain. It is bound to come to the valley. For it cannot find its fulness there Till it kindles lives that fall."

Saturday, May 19th—Phil. 2:12-21.

"All seek their own." Timothy was one of the exceptions to this rule of self-seeking. How highly Paul spoke of him, and yet he does not mention him, especially clever trait in his character. The rare quality which he had in common with all men which was copied, and the one which, of all others, will do most to mould our character after the pattern which Jesus Himself has set us.

The Best Human Friend Is a Good Mother—Cherish and Love Her

By FIELD-MAJOR SQUAREBRIGGS

There is no human love like a mother's. There is no earthly loss like the loss of a mother. The older a man grows, the more he knows of the world, the plainer the truth stands out in his mind. And when a man seems dead to every other influence for good, the recollection of a mother's prayers and a mother's tears often have a hold upon him which he neither can nor would break away from.

David, the man after God's own heart, could find no words which could express his abiding confidence in God, like those wherein he declares, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Nor could he find any figure of the profoundest depth of human sorrow more forcible than that in which he says, "I bowed heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother."

When the glorious Son of God was hanging on the Cross in agony, with the weight of a lost world upon Him, He could forget all His personal suffering, and could turn for a moment, as it were, from the work of eternal redemption to recognize the tenderness and fidelity of His agonized mother at His feet, and to commend her with His dying breath to the faithful ministry of the disciple whom He loved.

Precious Pictures

The Bible abounds with precious pictures of loving mothers, and of a mother's love—Hagar weeping in the desert over her fainting boy; Jochebed playing the servant to secure the privilege of nursing her boy for the daughter of Pharaoh; the true mother in the presence of Solomon, ready to lose her child that it might be saved; the widow of Zarephath and the Shunamite woman securing the intercession of the prophet for the restoration to life of their dead darlings; the Syrophenician woman venturing everything, and refusing to be put aside, that she might win a blessing from Him Who alone was able to restore health to her grievously vexed daughter; the mother of Timothy teaching her son lessons by which the world is still profiting, and so on through a long list of those who were representative mothers chosen of God for a place in the sacred record, and whose like are about us still on every side.

Love Her Tenderly

Honor the dear aged mother. Time has scattered the snowflakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows in her cheeks, but she is sweet and beautiful now. Her lips are thin and sunken, but those are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from childish cheeks, and those are the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it ever glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade.

Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go farther and stand down lower for you than all others upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss you and bless you in evidence of her deathless love.

Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

Pray for mother, thanking God for all her love and self-sacrifice

A MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED

Her Boy's early Good Desires were Quenched by his Father's Materialism and he Sunk Very Low, but one Word Heard at an Army Open-air Meeting Brought Him to God

ONE evening in the well-appointed parlor of a large house situated in a certain city a lady sat gazing thoughtfully into the blazing fire of logs upon the open hearth before her. As the dancing flames lit up the room it revealed her face to be one that showed refinement of character and unmistakable Christian upbringing. Since giving her heart to God as a girl, Mrs. Crawford had endeavored to follow in her Master's footsteps to the best of her ability.

"Yes, my darling," she replied.

"When I'm a man I'm going to be a preacher like Uncle Gregory." He eagerly pointed out a group of figures on one of the pages representing Christ feeding the multitude. "May I, mamma?" he queried, "and be like Jesus—help the poor?"

His mother smiled at the lad's enthusiasm. "Yes, if God wills," she replied, gently stroking the soft, brown curls.

She thought of her brother Gregory who, when he entered the ministry,



"Go, and let me never see your face again"

She had made one grave mistake, however, in her life, and this was the subject of her meditation on the particular occasion of which we write.

Yes, she reflected, as her mind ran back over her past married life, her existence since leaving the home of her Christian parents had not been altogether the rose-colored experience she had anticipated. She had taken for granted that her husband would keep up his church-going, but she had been deceived. All that he went to church for was to win her. His object accomplished, he gradually left off the church services and now spent most of his time at the various clubs to which he belonged.

Absorbed in Business

Not that he was not good to her in other respects. She did not want for anything in the least, only he was absorbed in his business and his wife did not want anything that savored of religion. She would go her road and he would go his.

And so it was. She attended the church services and prayer-meetings, read her Bible, but her husband would not—could not be won.

"Mamma!"

Mrs. Crawford aroused herself from her reverie. A bright, curly-headed boy of about six slid from the couch where he had been reclining, turning over the leaves of a child's picture book and climbed upon her lap.

point of his history that we have to record a lamentable fall.

Mixed with Bad Companions

Being less under his mother's restraint and his father being absorbed in his money-making, David's ambition to make a mark in life began to fade. His mother had never seen life at home, he argued, and his father was too busy with his financial problems to bother himself with it. Why should he, David, not taste of it? Why not, indeed? And so he went. When once a person commences to go wrong there is no lack of hands to help him in that direction. David soon got mixed up with a smart crowd who played cards, smoked, drank and danced till all hours of the morning.

To his mother's deep sorrow and his father's anger, the lad went from bad to worse till finally his father, after a stormy interview one night, ordered his son from the house. "Go, and let me never see your face again," he exclaimed angrily, slamming the door upon his drunken son.

* * *

The Salvation Army Open-air is in progress, the ring is a fairly large one, and a crowd gathers to listen to the various speakers. Around the corner lurches the lad. He is little more, and quite drunk. The drink inside him makes him talk argumentatively and he staggers into the ring.

"Listen, I say"—he begins, but one of the men Salvationists has gently caught him by the arm, and led David, for it is none else, to the side of the ring. He begins to expostulate and raises his hand to strike at his interlocutor when into the ring steps a bonneted lassie. She sings, "I never can forget the day I heard my angel mother—" At the word "mother," the drunken lad straightens himself up. He turns white. Silently he bows his head and a miraculous change seems to come over him. Into his pocket he suddenly dives his hand and a crash proclaims that a bottle of liquor has been thrown in the gutter. Its contents ran into the sewer.

Without a word, the leader of the meeting beckons the drummer to lay down his drum. Intuitively, David stumbles to its side and is soon half sobbing, half praying, for deliverance. A comrade's arm is placed around him and someone kneels at his side. The Soldiers pray. Later on, sober and penitent, David leaves in company with a comrade who offers to see him to his room in a low quarter of the town.

The Name of Mother

"It was the name of mother," he said afterwards when giving his testimony at a meeting. "It seemed to strike me all of a heap to feel how low I had gone," said the answer he prayed that day through the blessed Army Open-air.

This story would not be complete if we did not relate that when David had thoroughly shaken off the effects of the old life, and was enrolled as a Salvation Soldier, he went to visit his father and mother to show how God had saved him from the drink. His mother's joy was unbounded and his father started into seeing that there was more in life than the mere making of money. Perhaps if he had spent more time in chumming up with his boy this story might never have been told.

David Crawford is an Officer today; but that isn't his name. His boyish dreams came true after all, only in another way.

Making it Mothers' Day

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR HUSBANDS AND CHILDREN

Take her a cup of tea in bed, and with it a kiss for Mothers' Day.

Have breakfast ready by the time she comes downstairs.

Arrange to relieve her of the usual cooking, etc., so that she can go to the Holiness meeting.



OUR WOMEN'S PAGE



A REAL ARMY MOTHER

Sister Mrs. Jones, of Toronto Temple

Who has not heard of the historic Bristol Circus, with its traditions of wonderful Salvation battles and its splendid array of stalwart trophies of grace. It was on this sacred spot that our comrade found Salvation away back in 1881, when the Corps was under the command of the present Lt.-Commissioner Unsworth.



Sister Mrs. Jones

Those were strenuous days, when to stand by the Flag meant real hardship, and this veteran can recall many times when the roughs would make determined efforts to capture the Colors, when stones would fly, and blood would flow. To march was to link arms and struggle through the hostile crowd, well knowing that to be separated would probably mean serious physical injury.

Even the indoor meetings were not occasions of unalloyed comfort, as my comrade remembers seeing an audience which filled the Circus situated under upturned umbrellas to protect them from the water which came through the roof.

Shortly after her conversion, Sister Mrs. Jones was appointed a Brigade Lieutenant, her duties regularly involving a walk of several miles to and from Outposts to conduct Sunday meetings.

About twelve years ago, our veteran comrade came to Canada with her son and both became Soldiers at Dundas. The fighting there was of an entirely different kind, but that she did not leave the firing line is shown by the forty years Local Officers' badge which she wears. She has been a Songster and a Company Guard, while for years she filled the post of Corps Cadet Guardian.

She is now a Soldier at the Toronto Temple Corps, with her son, who is the Songster-leader, and his wife, and is a smiling influence for good around Territorial Headquarters, where her son is the genial janitor.

HALIFAX I HOME LEAGUE

On Wednesday, March 29th, a hearty welcome was given to the visiting Tilley by the Home League members of Halifax 1, when a supper was served, and husbands and friends numbering about twenty-five took part.

Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Tilley, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Simonson, spoke on behalf of the League members, and Mrs. Tilley was then welcomed by the home leaders.

Mr. Tilley, who is a great favorite among the Home League members, responded very feelingly.

The meeting, which followed was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present.—Mrs. Jenson.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME"

How a Timid Girl, by Obeying the Spirit's Promptings, Won a Husband and Wife to Christ, Bringing Much Joy to her own Soul and Helping to Prepare Herself for Wider Service

SISTER ETHEL TRAVERS came out of the Sunday night meeting in The Army Hall thoughtful. The address given by the Officer that night had been about the Judgment Day, how Christ will say to them on His right hand, "I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." And Ethel knew that service for one of

made very little headway in winning him over.

Ethel felt more than ever that it was little good her going, but all the way home that night the word "Inasmuch" kept ringing in her ears. When she knelt to pray before retiring, a voice seemed to say to her, "Go and see Mr. Lane." She settled it in her heart before she slept that she



A sweet little baby was in a cradle, and the father was amusing it

His people was the same as doing it for Christ.

Ethel hoped that she would be standing on the right hand of the Throne on that last great day; but she feared she was not doing the kind of work that would be spoken about at the Judgment. There never seemed much chance for visiting sick people in the small town in which she lived, and as for prisons, the nearest was hundreds of miles away.

The Divine Voice

Ethel almost began to think that the words were not meant for her, and then she remembered about Mr. Lane, who had met with a bad accident the previous week. She felt she ought to go and see him. Then the thought came that no doubt the Corps Officer had already called. Still the thought persisted that she ought to go herself.

Mr. Lane, she knew, was a scoffer at religion and would not be likely to receive a Salvationist kindly. She felt she could never muster up courage enough to go and visit him.

On the following night she spoke to the Officer about the matter, and learned that he had called at the Lane's house on the day of the accident but it was evident that he was not a welcome visitor, and he had

would do what she felt God wanted her to do.

It was a real cross for the timid girl to take up, but she prayed for grace sufficient. A few weeks before, the Officer had asked her to take a few WAR CRYs to sell, and though she shrank from the task at first, she found that when she resolutely tackled it a great joy came to her. This victory encouraged her to go on and win other victories. It was the dearest wish of her heart to be an Officer some day, and she knew that she would have to overcome her shrinking timidity if she hoped to be of service to the people. She came to the conclusion, therefore, that God was preparing her for her future career by testing her willingness to obey in small things, and she resolved to follow the Divine guidance, no matter at what cost to her personal feelings.

A Prayer for Help

The following afternoon she set out on her WAR CRY round, intending to make the Lane's house one of her places of call. Her heart beat fast as she approached the house, and she felt like turning back, but breathing a prayer to God for help, she timidly rapped at the door. Mrs. Lane opened it, and on seeing who her visitor was, said in a somewhat con-

temptuous tone, "Well, what do you want?"

"I—I—I felt I ought to call and ask how Mr. Lane is getting on," stammered Ethel. Then, gaining a little more confidence, she said, "I was so sorry to hear of his accident, and I do hope he is getting better now. May I come in and talk to him for a little while?"

Something about the girl's manner, or else the look on her face, seemed to soften Mrs. Lane, and she replied almost graciously, "Yes, you may come in if you like."

Ushered into the living room, Ethel noticed that Mr. Lane was sitting in a chair with his injured leg resting on a small stool. A sweet little baby was in a cradle close by, and the father was amusing it.

"Oh, the little darling, isn't he cute!" exclaimed Ethel, forgetting for the moment that she had come to tender sympathy to the injured man. "What a bonny baby you have, Mrs. Lane," she continued, "Oh, I just love babies. May I take him out sometimes?"

Tact Wins

"I'd be glad if you would," replied Mrs. Lane, evidently touched by her visitor's admiration of the baby. "Now that Jim's laid up I guess I'll have to get a job down at the factory for a while, for you see we haven't had a chance to put much money by as yet and expenses are going on all the time. Then there'll be the doctor's bill to meet too. I was wondering who I could get to look after baby while I'm away all day, none of the neighbors around here seem to be very friendly."

"Oh, I'd be so glad to be of help to you," said Ethel, "Don't worry at all about the baby. I'll come and look after him for you every day, and perhaps I can relieve you of some of the housework too, Mrs. Lane."

"That's real kind of you to offer to help people who are comparative strangers to you in that way," said Mr. Lane. "If more Christians put their religion into practice like that, I'd be more inclined to believe what they say."

"Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye do unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto Me,'" said Ethel. Then she told the story of how she had felt led to call upon them and of her doubts and fears and timidity. Mr. and Mrs. Lane listened with great interest, and their hearts warmed toward the eager and enthusiastic girl who was so transparently seeking their good.

A Great Change

After Ethel had taken her leave promising to call again on the next row, Mr. Lane said to his wife, "That girl almost makes me wish I was a Christian." It was a most unusual speech for her husband to make, and Mrs. Lane knew that it indicated a great change in his viewpoint about religion. She said nothing, however, though she was conscious that a glad feeling came over her. Surely she was wishing that she too was a real Christian, and hoped that this was the beginning of better things for both her and her husband. How apparently small happenings may turn sinners into the way everlasting—or prevent them from entering in.

We need not detail how faithfully Ethel carried out her voluntary duties in caring for the baby and the house. Suffice it to say that before long her bright, sunny personality had (Continued on page 5)

MOTHER—THE HOME BUILDER

She Fills a Noble Office and Has Many Worries

IMMEASURABLE is the influence of women, particularly those who are well saved. "Her price is far above rubies." It is said that the word "husband" really means "householder," as it is his duty and privilege to bind the house together, but how much greater is the work entrusted to his wife; for "every wise woman buildeth her house," not with bricks and mortar, but with her love, patience, justice, cheerfulness and sanctified common sense.

Yes, the sweet word "home" means far more than bricks and mortar, and yet, "What is home without a mother?"

Who is it our darlings call for as they run in from school? Whose smile greets the tired-out husband as he returns from his daily labor? Who patiently listens to the sorrows and difficulties of all the household, and is expected to show the way out of every trouble? Why, mother!

"Others!"

How often a woman, with a weak and worn-out body, has to work from early morning till late at night, and plan and scheme for the comfort of all in the home—except herself! How frequent are the days when everything seems to go wrong! Baby has a cold and is cross; the fire refuses to burn; the water won't boil; the husband comes home a wee bit touchy, and, to crown all, an unexpected visitor suddenly drops in!

And yet it is necessary for the wife to keep calm and good-tempered in the midst of these and a host of other vexations.

Then there is the training of the children. If it is true that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," how much responsibility rests upon the mother as she daily strives, in face of the different tempers and dispositions of her little ones, to train them up in what she feels to be the right way, and also to see that her own life and conduct are an example for her children to follow.

His Mother's "Practising"

Once asked under whose preaching he was converted, a godly man replied, "Under no one's preaching; it was my mother's practising."

The uppermost desire of the godly mother is that her children should be truly converted; yet how often it happens that, in spite of all her efforts and prayers, the Devil, for the time being, seems to get it all his own way! And yet how blessed it is at such times to get alone on our knees before God, and, with the open Bible, claim His promises, and thus move the arm of the Omnipotent.

A man of God was once asked what he thought was the reason that the children of religious parents sometimes turned out godless. He replied, "Because they try to train them for both worlds." You and I, as Salvationists, must train our children for eternity, even though it should mean sacrifice.

There is also a worry or trial to the converted wife greater than any I have mentioned—an unconvinced husband. To such a comrade I would say: See, first, that your own heart and life are entirely consecrated to God; cast your heavy burden upon his shoulders.

There is a noble work for every woman to do, and her very trials should be made glorious stepping-stones to lead her closer to Him Who hath "borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.—S. O.

There Arose "A Mother in Israel"

A Woman "Veteran Splendid" who Has Served Under the Flag Through Thick and Thin for Over Forty Years

AVETERAN in years and service is "Grandma" Hinton, of Oakville, who is 83 years of age and has been a Salvationist for forty-two years. Mrs. Hinton was born in the village of Villa Nova and at seven years of age went to live at Oakville, where she has lived ever since, and where her sterling Christian character has won the esteem of all in the town.

Apart from her spiritual experiences her life has been an ordinary one. She has been a wife, a mother, and a widow, has never known extremes of wealth or poverty, and now lives

ring and stood beside the tin horn artist, and every time he attempted to blow she seized his arm and pulled the horn from his mouth. A crisis was soon precipitated and one of the hirelings threw a tomato, but just at that instant "Grandma" gave the man's arm an extra tug, which turned him around and—spang!—he got the tomato intended for her. Mrs. Hinton believes that the Lord vouchsafed to her special protection on that occasion. At any rate, when the battle was over, her new dress was without a spot and the leader of the opposition was bountifully covered with the result of the fusilade.

A New Vision

The next day, in order to pay for a newspaper, she had to go to the hardware shop where this man worked, and a verbal battle ensued, in which he declared all he would do to the Army, and the plucky little woman declared with equal vehemence that she would stop him. When she turned to leave the shop, she found that the Mayor of the town had entered and had heard the conversation.

He took the matter out of her hands. The Army was given protection and the Open-air men were not disturbed further. But through this incident Mrs. Hinton had received a new vision of service for the Master, service that involved hardship, and as has happened so often in the past, the call to sacrifice proved stronger than any other appeal. She knelt and promised God that she would follow him where the cross was heaviest and the fighting hardest, and immediately took her stand as a Salvationist. From that day she has never swerved, she had found a spiritual home which just suited her heroic soul and the love of the fight is still strong in her heart.

As time went on our comrade came to be recognized as the principal figure in the Corps and was duly commissioned as Corps Sergeant-Major, in which capacity she faithfully stood by the Officers for years.

Alone

But some years later difficulties of another kind began to make their appearance. Oakville is only a small town, the Corps was not very large, and it became increasingly difficult to carry on financially, until at last the Officers were withdrawn. For seven years the comrades carried on bravely under the leadership of Mrs. Hinton. All the regular activities of a Corps, Open-air, Indoor meetings, Cottage meetings, Self-Dental and Harvest Festivals were kept up. What had been the Army Hall was sold, but these faithful souls secured a disused tobacco shop and carried on there. But the odor was too strong and they had to give this up too. Then Mrs. Hinton opened her own home, and meetings were held there for some time. At last the few remaining Soldiers moved away from the town and "Grandma" Hinton was the only Salvationist left in Oakville.

Heart's Desire Realized

She went to her friends, the Methodists, and said she intended to remain a Salvationist but would like to worship with them. They not only welcomed her but, to her surprise, told her that her name had never been removed from their rolls and she could consider herself as one of them as long as she wished. So for years this devoted Soldier wore her uniform and maintained her allegiance to the Army, always hoping that it would be possible some day for the Corps to be re-opened.

Her heart's desire was realized a little over six years ago, when once more the Flag was unfurled and Officers appointed to Oakville. "Grandma" was promptly on the job; her



Sister Mrs. Hinton, Oakville

alone in comfort, with her children near at hand to minister to her, if necessary.

On the other hand, her religious life has contained enough of variety and real adventure to satisfy the most exacting. When ten years of age, she was converted at a Methodist revival meeting.

In the year 1884 she came to another spiritual crisis. A young woman in whom she was interested was deeply troubled in soul and told Mrs. Hinton that she believed a certain friend could help her. The fact that she was unable to learn this seeking soul to Christ herself troubled our comrade more than a little, and after much searching of heart, she cast herself upon the mercy of God and claimed the blessing of a Clean Heart.

"Her People"

Shortly after this the Army opened fire in the town, and "Grandma" met for the first time the people who were to become "her people." Her first intimate contact with the Army came through her zeal as a Temperance worker—she still wears on her uniform the familiar badge of the W.C.T.U.

Among the first Officers in Oakville was the present Colonel Marshall of the U.S.A., who declared war on the illegal drink traffic in the town. One man of a bibulous temperament took decided exception to this, so he armed himself with a ravenous tin horn and big satellitette with a supply of ripe tomatoes and sailed forth to upset the Army Open-air.

But he made no allowance for Mrs. Hinton, the temperance worker, who was walking along a nearby street, and who at that moment was seized with a conviction that all was not right at The Army and that she must go and put it right. She arrived at the Open-air to find a big crowd standing around, the tomatoes ready for use and the leader standing in the ring with the tin horn, upon which he blew an ear-splitting blast every time the Captain attempted to speak.

Forgetting that she was wearing her very best dress, and the possible effect upon it of a well-timed tomato, our heroine walked right into the

MOTHER'S WAGES

A rip in his schoolbag, a smudge on his face,
A hole in his stocking, a broken boot-lace—
His mother says—busy as mothers can be—
"Was ever a laddie so tiresome as he?"
He's off now to school with a slam of the gate,
But soon back again, though he knows he is late.
"Oh, John!" says his mother, "What else is amiss?"
"I've come," he says shyly, "to give you a kiss."
Then John's mother smiles, and quite smooth is her brow,
She sings to herself as she tidies up now,
All's right with her world, and it's perfectly clear
No one could find in it a laddie more dear.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME"

(Continued from page 4)
worked a remarkable change in the Lane household.

The days passed by, and in due course Mr. Lane recovered from his illness and went back to his work. Then Mrs. Lane resumed her household tasks, and there was no further need of Ethel's services in this direction. But she was an ever welcome visitor in the home. One Sunday she was delighted when Mr. Lane announced his intention of attending The Army meeting. Ethel prayed fervently that it might be the means of his conversion. Her prayer was answered when, that night, Mr. Lane boldly walked forward to the pentent-form, followed by his wife.

Reward for Duty Done

Ethel felt that this was her reward for obeying the promptings of the Spirit and essaying what seemed at first a most unpleasant task.

How important for us to remember that it is the bounden duty of all who profess to be Christians, to carry out Christ's commands and to do all in one's power to cheer the sick, relieve the poor, and win souls for God.

HOME LEAGUE APPOINTMENTS

TORONTO EAST DIVISION
BEDFORD PARK: Thurs., May 31st, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Colonel Henry, Mrs. Ernest Tiffin.

AVON AVENUE: Thurs., May 31st, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Commandant Tuck.

DANFORTH: Thurs., May 31st, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Major Britton.

EAST TORONTO: Thurs., May 10th, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Major Ritchie.

GREENWOOD: Wed., May 30th, 7.30 p.m., Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Jennings.

RHODES AVENUE: Tues., May 29th, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Colonel Henry.

RIVERDALE: Tues., May 29th, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Ensign Wood.

TODMORDEN: Wed., May 30th, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Colonel Henry.

YORKVILLE: Thurs., May 17th, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Colonel Henry, Mrs. Staff-Captain Pitcher.

TEMPLE: Tues., May 22nd, 8.00 p.m., Brigadier Mrs. Green.

TORONTO WEST DIVISION
FAIRBANK: Wed., May 16th, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Colonel Henry, Mrs. Brigadier Burrows.

LISGAR STREET: Thurs., May 31st, 2.00 p.m., Mrs. Colonel Gaskin.

Corps Sergeant-Major's commission was renewed and once more her voice was heard in the Open-air and in the Citadel. And there she is still to be found, one of the most zealous Soldiers of the Corps, a tower of strength to the Officers, surprisingly active in spite of her eighty-three years, and as much in love with The Army as in the strenuous days of forty years ago.



Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by LT.COLONEL H. L. TAYLOR)

TEACHING ARMY TRUTHS PER VERNACULAR PRESS —LEADING BUDDHIST ASKS BLESSING FOR DAUGHTER— “GOOD STROKE” IN KOREA—LAST MEETING IN JAPAN

Tuesday, November 9th, 1928.—Seoul. I am told that we have a remarkable press—most friendly except as regards a Socialistic paper of extreme views. Both here and in Japan we have been able, through the papers, to circulate the truth as it is in Jesus amongst multitudes of strangers. I entertain the idea that The Army will be able to teach its great cardinal truths per the vernacular press in all these Eastern countries. One of the features of my visit to India was the printing, in many such papers, of passages from our books and of parts of the Scriptures which we especially value, as well as extracts from addresses. Who can estimate the importance of this? Many Eastern papers are read to the people who cannot read themselves.

Thursday, 11th.—Seoul. To view some of our properties here: Headquarters Boys' Home and their Workshop; Training Garrison, and saw Officers' children and the Cadets—all useful and valuable institutions and suitably situated. Some need repair and enlargement, but times are hard!

Important Korean merchant called on me; has large means. Spoke about his son.

Noon, to lunch with Foreigners' Association; about 120 present, mostly English. The Director of the British and Foreign Bible Society here, Mr. Hugh Miller, in the chair. Most kindly. They employ over a hundred colporteurs, but only eight of these are women.

I spoke for fifty minutes made an appeal for the spiritual. A leading merchant came and thanked me. All told it was never known before that he should make any reference to religion; is a Foreign Office representative of the Governor-General. Altogether a pleasant function.

Meeting at 1.5 with Overseas Officers working here. A bright and cheering time, and God with us. We have a devoted Staff here, both Korean and Foreign. I am specially in debt to my translators—particularly Ensign Kim and Staff-Captain Werner Ohsson. When we remember that here, as elsewhere in the East, English must be learned by many Officers before they can use books in the

There are many cities, towns and villages where men and women still dwell in darkness.

**SELF-DENIAL
WILL BRING THEM
NEARER THE LIGHT!**

local language, the progress made by many foreigners is wonderful.

Later, long conference with Toff and Chief Secretary. Some things are very encouraging indeed, but others are undoubtedly difficult. Love and law must be our motto here. Money is very much needed—and how great is my need!

Sent Uemura (Major) to Mukden to meet the Salvationists there as I am not now going myself. They sent me a telegram which pleases me:

We Salvationists in Mukden heartily thank you for your message and send love. We will be and do The Salvation Army.

Friday, 12th.—Bad cough in the early hours. Is it asthma? No! Two influential Koreans to pay respects and say good-bye. Governor sent his car to take us to the station, and was represented there. Mayor and other important people also.

Left at 10 o'clock for the south. Uemura on the train; returned from Mukden, where he has had very good meetings with our Japanese comrades. Cunningham (Commissioner) returning from Peking and will join us tomorrow. A leading Buddhist of considerable influence brought his daughter and asked for my blessing; was very cordial. A sweet girl!

To work at once. Correspondence, notes on business done, and literary affairs. Read a little, but I am afraid nothing worth much. A homeopathic Doctor working in Peking with us; a charming man. That system of medicine does seem to make very nice people; I remember that my dear

Mother believed in and practised it. The Doctor spoke most highly of Peacock.

Reflecting on the Korean Campaign, I feel that by His help we have done a good stroke for God and The Army. The brother we have had will die soon and fruit will remain to the glory of Jesus Christ.

Saturday, 13th.—Shimonoseki Arrived here at 7 a.m. by boat from Fusui. Very broken night; cough troublesome, but improved after 4.30. Had an experience which has happened before. When I finished up a cold by a severe attack of sneezing!

To San Yo Hotel. Dictated, and then some interviews. The two Commissioners (Eddie and Yamamoto) arrived from Tokio. Glad to learn that Mrs. Y.'s health is better.

An English traveler from Peking, whom we met at breakfast, assured us that we are wise not to go to

The Army Mother's Last Self-Denial Message

My Dear Children and Friends,—

I have loved you much and in God's strength have helped you a little. Now at His call I am going away from you. The War must go on. Self-Denial will prove your love to Christ. All must do something. I send you my blessing. Fight on, and God will be with you. Victory comes at last. I will meet you in Heaven.

CATHERINE BOOTH.

The Army Mother was promoted to Glory, from Clacton-on-Sea, on October 4, 1890.

“THOU AND THY HOUSE”

Families Converted at Cobalt—Wonderful Instances of Answers to Prayer

COBLALT Corps has been witnessing some remarkable answers to prayer during recent weeks, and the comrades are feeling greatly encouraged. A woman who had been a backslider for seven years attended a Sunday night meeting and was deeply convicted of her need of salvation. She would not yield in the meeting, but when she got home she knelt on the kitchen floor and sought mercy. Experiencing God's favor she felt she should make a public confession, so on the following Sunday night she, with her two boys, came to the penitent-seat.

Her husband had also been a backslider for a number of years, so she began to pray earnestly for his restoration. He was working at a place one hundred miles away, but coming home he too was found at the penitent-seat in repentance for his wasted years. He had a brother without Christ, and soon he was also led into the circle of the redeemed family.

Another man had been a drunkard for four years. His wife was a regular attendant at The Army, but not saved. At last, in response to her pleadings, he went to meeting on a recent Sunday night, and he and his

wife knelt together at the mercy-seat. Going home, his first work of practical repentance was to destroy a quantity of "home-brew" which he had decocted for his own consumption.

This comrade has sent us his testimony as follows:

"About four years ago I started out to be an awful sinner. I was a sinner before that, but not so bad. I

REDEEMED



Peking. Conditions there very broken or uncertain and traveling all but dangerous. No letters here; the mail goes to Peking or Shanghai.

Meeting at 7 o'clock in Japanese tent free of charge; eighteen-hundred people. Government speaker first—and good. I talked with some freedom and against my chest for half an hour. Yamamoto's translation is a standing wonder, but to-night though rather tired, unusually effective. Another striking penitent-form scene—many broken down. Some remained on their knees over an hour.

Sunday, 14th.—My chest somewhat better; the compass did it.

By 9.30 on special launch, with such a nice skipper, over the harbor to Moje, on the island of Kyushu. The great coal deposits of Japan are here; it is said that they are not inexhaustible. Two hours to Fukoka Japanese hotel charmingly fitted for Westerners. Reception rather spoiled by rain. Chairman very warm. Deeply interested, though I am rather tired. My final talk with Wilson (Field Secretary); encouraged him.

Salvation meeting at night. Said took Overflow. Bernard spoke and there was a good penitent-form, many men seeking. Went to another Overflow myself—small, but good. The struggles of many of the penitents to-night most moving. The face of the first man who came forward in the Overflow was like a forest when the winds are out—every kind of emotion and determination manifested. Some dictation later.

This is my last meeting for the present in Japan. It concludes what has been indeed a memorable campaign. I am much struck to-day with the improving type of women. A lady who accompanied the Chairman this afternoon responded to the words I spoke to her about assurance. Among others with whom I conversed was a medical doctor practising in the town; he is our Treasurer and is in full uniform.

Monday, 15th.—Back to Shimonoseki at noon. Important cables from London. Two such interesting men—Syrian missionaries—to see me; on their way to the United States to raise funds. One of them spoke with delightful confidence of the future of Christianity in the East. Some work on my papers and some dictation.

Am very sorry to get news of the rejection (after a trial) of prohibition by Norway. It is a set-back; but while I know how great have been the gains from prohibition in that country, I have always felt the strength of the minority. The letting in of the wine made a breach in the wall that was an economic victory for France. But the end is not yet. (To be continued)

got going around with the wrong company and started to drink, and I would come home Saturday night drunk and make my wife and little ones unhappy, and then I would sit all day Sunday drinking and taking the Lord's name in vain and never getting a thought about the Sabbath. My little children go to Sunday School in The Salvation Army, and one Friday night my wife went out to the meeting, and I sat and drank, till she came home and told me about the lovely meeting they had. Sunday came, and I made up my mind that I would sin no more. I went to the meeting and knelt down at the mercy-seat and asked God to forgive all my sins. He answered my prayers and now I am leading a better life. He is and God is with me always. It doesn't matter how deep in the sin, as I knew He helped me, and I hope and pray that some sinner like me will read this and come and give his heart to God and then his home and little ones will be happy as I am. Salvation for me!"



SLEEPING IN TREE TRUNKS

The Army Assists Homeless People in Tokyo

In a communication to hand, Lt.-Colonel Pugnive, the Chief Secretary for Japan, refers to The Army's efforts to relieve prevailing distress in Tokyo, where Brigadier Segawa and other comrades found men, women and children sleeping in the open, in the bitter cold, under pieces of straw matting, on the verandahs of temples, in holes in tree trunks, and in the dust boxes, and some of them told most distressing stories of misfortune and hardship.

For instance, one old man lived with his wife and two sons in Honjo, before the 1923 earthquake, and gained a living as a blacksmith. When the disaster came, his wife, with the boys, rushed into the great open space where thirty-three thousand people were eventually burned and suffocated to death. He never saw his wife or sons again, and has since wandered from place to place trying to find employment, but because of his age he was unsuccessful. At last he was reduced to eating what he could find in the garbage boxes, and was actually starving when he came into touch with our Officers. Our comrades have got him into a place where he will be looked after.

THE ARMY'S LATEST OPENING

SINCE THE FLAG WAS UNFURLED IN ESTONIA IN DECEMBER LAST, 500 SEEKERS HAVE LINED THE MERCY-SEAT

IN ESTONIA, where the Flag was unfurled in Reval on December 31st last, a remarkable work is in progress. God's Holy Spirit is working in a wonderful way in the hearts of the people, who may, on occasions, be seen crowding along the streets on their way to The Salvation Army meetings, just as in this country, we often see people passing in great numbers in the direction of a football-field.

The Army Hall in Reval is an excellent building, seating upwards of five hundred people. Attached to the larger place is a suitable Hall for Young People. Already, since The Army has been at work, five hundred people have come forward to the penitent-form, and of this number upwards of three hundred were for Salvation. Amongst the converts were students and school teachers. Though we are so young in Estonia, already a Salvation Army Song Book, the Articles of War, and the Orders and Regulations for Soldiers have been translated. Very soon there will be

the first swearing-in of converts.

The Hall is crowded every week-night, and on Sunday evenings the Officers are concerned to know how to deal in the most effective way with the great crowds that assemble. When Colonel Vlas, the International Secretary, was there, there were no fewer than twelve hundred people packed into the main building and out into the Young People's Hall, and crowded on the broad staircases. It was with difficulty that the Colonel reached the platform, and so dense was the still waiting audience when the Prayer-meeting started that a penitent-form was practically impossible.

In a Holiness meeting led by the Colonel, on Repentance Day, twenty-eight men and women came to the mercy-seat in early response to the invitation, and they were quickly followed by seventeen others. Hundreds of people were unable to gain admittance to the afternoon meeting. At five o'clock, when the meeting concluded, already the people were lined up in queue formation for the night gathering, and from the Quarters window could be seen many of the people hurrying along to be in time. Ensign and Mrs. Molin, from Sweden, have the honor to be the Officers-in-charge of this unique enterprise.

As an indication of the spirit manifested, the Colonel tells of one of the converts who had, with much difficulty, saved up £st. Mks. 8,000 (about \$20,000) for a cherished purpose and who has now decided to spend the money upon a suit of Salvation Army uniform.

IN SOUTHERN INDIA

From Southern India comes news that Brigadier Jeyanthan, the Radapuram Divisional Commander, is doing his utmost to get more schools recognized by the Government, and also in trying to get the Government land registered for school buildings in the villages. Besides this, he is endeavoring to register land for the poor people. The District Collector and other officials have been kind in granting his request. At the village of Kottirkulam, the Government have given forty-five acres of land to eighteen families and have also sanctioned expenditure for the village well. The District Collector states that the land is cultivated and the well has already been dug. While our comrades are active in all these efforts for the temporal well-being of the villagers, they are doing their utmost to win them for Christ.

From the report received from Brigadier Jeyanthan, we learn that Adjutant Jivili (Leed) had a very good time in Redapuram Division. In a meeting conducted in one village nine families, comprised of twenty-four people, were also en-

Lt.-Colonel Dayasagar (Burfoot) has been able to get the whole of Proverbs published in vernacular papers, and now one of the Gujarati papers has asked for the Psalms of David, which will be supplied in due course. A well-known journal has sent in a request for an article from the Colonel's pen.

"EASTWARD HO!"

Canada East Missionary Gives Interesting Account of First Glimpses of East Africa

The following letter from Adjutant Fairhurst, who, with Adjutant Betts, recently left Canada East for East Africa, will be read with interest by comrades in the Territory:

"We had several hours ashore at Port Said. The first real sight of the East was most interesting. There were Arabs and Egyptians in their long robes, some women with their faces covered, some walking along uncerned in the crowd swinging a censor with burning incense. There are some very ugly slaves there, and some very native bazaars, where all kinds of curios are to be obtained."

"The trip through the Suez Canal was pleasant, and we travel slowly, of course. By Sunday we were in the Gulf of Suez, and the Red Sea. The water was quite calm — a lovely dark blue. There was little wind, and the hills on either side. We were, of course, interested in seeing Mount Sinai, and I must point out, also the pyramids, the pyramids, the pyramids! Children of Israel across the sea. On Tuesday we arrived at Port Sudan. The day previous we had a very bad storm, and were unable to see the sun the day. He was a Mohammedan, so that no one else was allowed to be present."

"Port Sudan remained two days. Here we had a first sight of real Africans. They came trooping down to the dock in crowds, all kinds of them. They are young, strong, healthy, together and they unloaded the cargo, one singing one part, the others chiming in with a refrain, and at every chance they had they sang. They had been looking to be working very hard, but seemed happy about it."

"It is a very decent place, very hot, but little grows. In fact ever since we entered the Suez Canal it has been getting hotter and hotter, but we are managing very well. We have made a few purchases, as well as some sharkies. We expect to reach Aden to-morrow, and then we shall be seven or eight days after that before we see the Cape."

"We have a number of Missionaries returning to Uganda and other places. Last Sunday night we had Major Vithayakarai singing service. Quite a number assembled in the music-room and we sang and sang, anyone choosing the hymns. We are learning Swahili, of course, making some progress."

* * *

In a later letter, the Adjutant says:

"We have arrived safely at Nairobi and are nicely settled. The trip from Mombasa where we landed, was very interesting. We stopped at the stations, only very briefly, except for a few stops, but there would be quite a few natives to see. A great deal of the land adjoining the railway is reserved as a 'game reserve', and we were hoping to see some animals as they have here, but we did not see very many, only a few."

"We arrived at Nairobi on Sunday morning. Colonel and Mrs. Wilson, Major and Mrs. Bowyer, and Captain Collins were there to meet us. We were taken straight to the native Central Hall. I shall not soon forget the impression. The Hall was packed with natives, anywhere from 1,000 to 2,000 in the hall attending, only about thirty women sitting by themselves, in the number. They were all well clothed, the first two rows being the best dressed. The African little soldiers (messes of uniform) all in khaki uniforms. You should have heard them sing 'Stand up for Jesus.' They sang it in English, and in Swahili, and quite a lot of interpreting for nearly all the white Officers. Adjutant Betts sang. Major Vimy gave a short speech, and knew all the secretry-seat. It touched me very much to see them come. Our hearts have certainly gone out to them. This is my first view. This is certainly a wonderful opportunity here, hope I shall be able to learn the language."

"We attended the European meeting at 5 o'clock. This is the usual time for the night meeting. They close soon afterwards."

"We are staying at the Hostel. Mrs. Major Maxwell is in charge. She is the Canadian Officer, out of Ligar Street, Toronto; there are Officers' Com-

"A PATHETIC AND SAD SIGHT"

Heroic Missionary Officers Bring Relief to Suffering Chinese

Relief operations have been commenced in Chochou. The following is an extract from a report by Adjutant Dorthie who was sent out by us almost immediately after the city was opened, to ascertain what was most needed in the way of relief.

"We left Peking at 11 a.m. and after a fairly good run, reached our destination at 4 p.m. The villages near the city did not show much sign of warfare, but on reaching the north suburb we found many houses totally destroyed, others without roofs, doors and windows. Very few people were about and the place had a very desolate appearance. Going through the North suburb we came to barbed wire entanglements and had to hold these down with stones before the car could cross. Trenches had been dug in the streets and around the inside of the city wall.

Five Hundred Dead

"There are about five hundred dead bodies in the city. These are buried in shallow graves, some in compounds of houses, others in the walls. The people state that there are about two hundred wounded citizens that need attention. People living within a radius of ten li of Chochou have also suffered, losing grain, implements, clothes, furniture, etc., which had been used by the besieging armies, although their homes have not been damaged by shell fire."

"In company with Adjutant Dorthie and Ensign Welsburn I left Peking for Chochou on an early train," says Lt.-Colonel Barnett, Chief Secretary for China (North) Territory. "In a subsequent despatch, 'Soon after leaving we encountered a dust storm and the wind blew a hurricane. Never before have I experienced such intense cold. Our feet and hands were almost frostbitten. Ensign Little,

who is in charge of this work, had built a door for his room from cigarette boxes and was living in proper camp style. He has one or two Chinese Officer helpers, and Ensign Wang as a general man.

"The Ensign arrived at Chochou just at Chinese New Year time and faced many difficulties. No one is prepared to work at such a season, and materials are difficult to get. However, the Ensign succeeded in getting the first porridge kitchen going, and investigated the cases of some hundreds of needy families. The total number who came to the kitchen as a result of this investigation amounted to about a thousand. Our comrades on their journeys discovered quite a number of sick people needing attention. Quite a lot of padded clothing was handed to the Ensign for distribution amongst the poor which was very acceptable.

"Yesterday I fully expected it would be too cold for the people to attend the porridge kitchen, but to my surprise, at the regular hour, over six hundred people gathered in the bitter weather for the basin of hot porridge, and the little millet they would take away for their meal in the early morning. It was a pathetic and sad thing to behold, and indicated very definitely that we were doing the work of God."

While Lt.-Commissioner Unsworth was in Japan, he publicly enrolled as Soldier Number One of the International Army. Lieutenant Ruto Yamamoto, the three new Soldiers are Shunzo, Mitsuru and Yoshiko, two younger daughters. The meeting in which they were enrolled closed with seventy seekers at the moment of baptism. The reason why the Lieutenant's unique name was the invention of his father who, out of his admiration for the Founder and for Christ, gave him the Japanese equivalents for their names (Shu-Rooth and Fo-Fox) to produce "Ruto".



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All Editorial Communications should be
addressed to the Editor.

GENERAL ORDER

MOTHERS' DAY

Mothers' Day will be observed at
every Corps throughout the Territory
on Sunday, May 13th.

WILLIAM MAXWELL,
Lieut.-Commissioner.

"HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER"

IT WAS a commonplace enough story. She had given to the world five sons. When the youngest was born the father died. From early morn till late at night she had toiled to keep the home together, and the little family intact, and to give her "babies" the best education her means afforded to develop Christian character. And she had succeeded. Each had gone into the world to make a success in his chosen sphere. They loved their mother, and took it for granted she knew it, and sometimes came back to the old home.

One day each received a telegram, and as fast as locomotion could bring them they hastened to her bed side. They looked on the dying face. They saw the thin hands and fingers worn and wasted with toil for them, the hair that anxious days and passing years had silvered, and the brow that care for her sons had furrowed deeply. "You have been a good mother to us," said the eldest, "and we love you, mother, for what you are, and what you have done." The dying eyes lit for a moment, and the dying voice murmured, "Thank you, my boy; you never said that before." And the light in the eyes faded, and the voice was forever silent.

Sunday, May 13th, is Mothers' Day. "Honour thy father and thy mother." Do it now. Don't wait for your love to blossom an hour too late."

THOUGHTS ON SELF- DENIAL

The life of man consists not in seeing
visions and in dreaming dreams, but in
active charity and willing service.

Those who "glory in the Cross" as the
hope of Salvation must needs exhibit
self-denial in their daily lives.

The poorest disciple of Jesus Christ
must have something of the spirit of
self-sacrifice, or he is not a Christ follower.

NEXT WEEK

Our next issue will be largely
devoted to reports of the Men's
and Women's Social Work in the
Canada East Territory. It will
be profusely illustrated with
photos and sketches portraying
The Army's varied activities on
behalf of the needy and unfortunate
of our land, and will contain many stories of intense
human interest, showing how
God has blessed the efforts put
forth.

"GO AND DO IT!"

THE GENERAL

Talks on the Business of Religion

[The Editor of the Pictorial Weekly (England), in which the following article recently appeared, says regarding it, "I have been fortunate in securing for this issue the following important article in which the General gives his views on success in life and how to obtain it."]

NONE of you need think that because the whole of my life has been spent in the business of religion that I know nothing about business itself. On the contrary, I have had a great deal to do with successful business men. Some of my intimate friends have been Sir William MacArthur; T. A. Denny (of "Denny's Irish"); Samuel Morley, the founder of the great firm of L. & R. Morley; John and Richard Cory, the coal people of Cardiff; Mr. Armitage, of "Farnley Iron"; Frank Crossey, of Crossey's Engines, Manchester; George Herring, and Cecil Rhodes.

The thing that impressed me most about these men was themselves. A fact which reminds me of the well-known story how a teacher, after spending considerable time in explaining to the children the varied parts of a motor, asked them: "Now, boys, which is the most important part of a motor car?" Like a flash came the answer from one of them: "The driver, sir!"

That is exactly the truth.

About these men I have mentioned, and many others I have met, there was "power," which, I think, wherever you had placed them, would have made its mark. That will be true, of course, of you as well as of them. You are the driver, and, whatever you have to do, your business is to drive, and drive well.

Drive Well

One thing is certain; you will have to drive, or be driven! Yes, the most important part about the motor car of your career is the driver.

Cecil Rhodes left behind him a number of documents, and in one of them he had written these words: "If there be a God, and if He does care, then the most important thing in the world for me is to find out what He wants me to do, and then go and do it."

"Go and do it!" That is what business is. It is "getting busy"—doing something more than thinking about it; getting it done. I remember that one morning I was an early caller at my father's Clapton house, and found him brushing his hair with ferocious energy.

"Bramwell," he cried, "did you know that men slept out all night on the bridges?" He had seen them at that midnight.

"Yes," I replied. "A lot of poor fellows do that!"

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to have known it and to have done nothing for them!"

Do Something

I began to speak of the difficulties of taking up all sorts of Poor Law work. But he waved me aside.

"Go and do something! We must do something! Get hold of a warehouse and warm it, and find something to cover them!"

Now that is what I mean. It is useless to hope you are going to do great things unless you start. Get busy. Go and do something.

Yes, and look here! Let it be independent work. When our Army began to develop an International Organization we came up against large questions about International law and foreign customs. To gain

knowledge of them most people would have used experts. But not my father. Nor would he allow me. He would charge me to go right into the subject myself, research as these experts had, and then bring him the facts.

I suggest that in every bit of business and work you have to do you should try to get hold of it from your own point of view in the same way. There is a great deal too much of accepting theories and adopting customs.

If you "roll the old chariot along," it need not be on a rutted road. We often had to do it on tracks that were scarcely a road at all. It does not matter much what circumstances you find yourself in; you can make something of them. There is a story of one of our Canadian Officers, who, when she was pelted with eggs, discovered that the eggs were quite good and, deftly catching some of them, she presently turned them into omelettes.

Adaptability

The next thing that will be sure to be necessary for any successful driver of his life-car will be adaptability. That fact had to be illustrated in our own development. Think of my father and the way in which he took off the buttons one by one. He was a minister, and at first it was hateful to divest himself of his clerical clothing and umbrella, and come right down to the people as one of themselves. But he did it!

It was very annoying to him to find that some of his converts were better preachers than he was; he thought a good deal, and rightly, of his old sermons. But he said: "It's clear I must burn them!" And he did it.

Then he tried to run The Army by meetings of representatives. They wasted a lot of time in discussion, and at last it appeared to them that it could be better run by one man, from headquarters. He did not like assuming such responsibility. But it had to be done. So he did it!

Implicit Obedience

Next cropped up the question of uniform, and organising the work on military lines. It had to be done. He did it! Next came the question of the employment of Bands, and the adoption of song tunes for hymns. He saw how they appealed in other ways, and he determined to use their appeal for our purposes. Yes, whatever would catch the eye and the ear; whatever was found of use elsewhere, he laid his hands on and adapted to our own use.

Another thing you will have to learn, and that is the lesson of implicit obedience to your superiors. You cannot always see eye to eye, perhaps, with those above you, and it is difficult to put your whole soul into work on lines with which you disagree; but while you are in the position where you are, cheerful and disciplined obedience is the thing for you.

If only you have a flame of sympathy and earnestness burning in your soul it will help you to make a religion of business.

God bless you all!

THE CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN

An Announcement by the
Commissioner

The clarion call of the General to the world-wide Salvation Army to engage in a year long Centenary Call Campaign, from July, 1928, to July, 1929, that period being the centennial year of the birth of The Army's Founder, William Booth, has been received throughout the Territory with considerable interest and enthusiasm.

Plans are already being made for making the Centenary Year the greatest and most God-honoring in the history of The Army in Canada East.

At an early date, full particulars of what is proposed will be published.

Let us take heed to the General's Call and devote our every power to make this Centennial Year, in the trio of objectives set forth, a fitting celebration to the conclusion of the century which has elapsed since our Founder was born in Nottingham, England.

The Salvation Army is an enduring monument to his memory. To us has been thrown the torch he lit high and it is our privilege and opportunity to carry on the glorious work for the good of humanity which he began. May we ever catch more and more of his spirit and go onward to greater victories. I ask all Salvationists in this Territory to pray for the blessing of God and the guidance of the Spirit on this special Campaign.

WILLIAM MAXWELL,
Lt.-Commissioner.

TERRITORIAL PARS

Adjutant and Mrs. Jones, of Montreal V.H., have welcomed a baby boy into their home. Congratulations!

Staff-Captain Thesia Henderson, of Hamilton, desires, on behalf of the members of her family, to thank commandants and friends for their practical assistance and for their personal condolences on the passing of her mother, Sister Mrs. Henderson, of Ingleside.

Field-Major Urquhart gave a general program at the Canadian General Electric plant, on Tuesday, May 16th, in the interests of Self-Torial.

Captain Cone, and her mother, Mrs. Cone, wish to acknowledge the sympathetic expressions of sympathy which have reached them from near and far, on the promotion to Glory of their son.

Adjutant Alderman, of Etobicoke, has been laid aside, but is now recovering. The Field Secretary visited him and the Self-Torial Effort, which had been suspended through his illness, is being taken up again. Adjutant's illness, is being met up with a splendid spirit by the corps, who are determined to go "over the top."

Adjutant and Mrs. McTavish, of Ingersoll, who are en route to the West, were visitors at Territorial Headquarters.

The comrades of Lippincott Corps are soon to be worshipping under their new roof again a lot having been purchased on Lippincott Street, near Blue Stock, on building operations will shortly commence.

The Commissioner

Conducts Final United Holiness
Meeting of Series at Dovercourt

The final United Holiness meeting of the Winter Series, held in the Toronto West Division, was conducted by the Commissioner on Friday last at Dovercourt.

These weekly gatherings have been held at five centres in the Division, a month's meetings being held at Earscott, Lisgar Street, Toronto 1, West Toronto and Dovercourt. At each Corps the meetings have been preceded by an Officers' Council, conducted by various Staff Officers, including the Chief Secretary and the Field Secretary, followed by a tea provided by the respective Corps and arranged by the Home League sisters.

The gatherings throughout the winter have been the channel of innumerable blessing and Divine illumination. Special speakers have been present, and on each occasion the building has been crowded.

At the Commissioner's meeting the Dovercourt Hall was packed to overflowing. This of itself is a matter for gratitude and speaks volumes for the hunger in the hearts of the followers of Christ for the deeper things of the Spirit.

Growing in Grace

On Friday, the Commissioner devoted his time to indicating ways in which servants of God can grow in grace. He held up before his intent hearers the picture of a well-known Biblical character, and showed the secret of his spiritual attainment.

"In the rush and tumble of to-day, the word 'saint' is often scoffed at," said the Commissioner, "and yet, despite the uncongenial environment, we find real saints about us living devout lives. What is their secret? The Holy Ghost is upon them."

"If Salvationists all over the Territories were filled with the Holy Ghost what an ingathering of souls there would be!" he exclaimed.

In speaking of faithfulness as one of the marks of the devout man, the Commissioner exclaimed, "The world today wants a religion without a Cross. Make no mistake, they will never find it. But though there is a Cross to be borne, His yoke is easy, His burden is light."

Importance of Influence

He emphasized the importance of being faithful because of the influence the life of a truly devout man may exert on other lives, and pleaded for out-and-out devotion to the Cross. Two seekers came to the Altar.

During the evening, the Commissioner dedicated the infant son of Brother and Sister Alfred Robbins. Having publicly signified their acceptance of the pledges required by The Army's Service of Dedication, the Commissioner gave the child to God under the Flag, charged the parents to train it to be a Soldier and a fighter in the ranks of The Army, and prayed that God would put his seal upon the little one.

The proud father, called upon by our Leader, voiced, on behalf of the mother and himself, their realization of the trust reposed in them and their reliance upon an Almighty Power to carry out the pledges they had entered into. Their highest desire was that "William Bramwell" should be a soul-winner.

Supporting the Commissioner was Mrs. Maxwell and a number of Staff Officers, and lending useful aid was the Dovercourt Band and the Songster Brigade.

**Procrastination is the thief of—
the Self-Denial Fund. Give that
donation NOW.**

A DAY OF SEEKING AND FINDING

THE COMMISSIONER CONDUCTS THREE SPIRIT-VISITED SESSIONS WITH BANDSMEN OF THE LONDON DIVISION

Veterans and Stripping Participants in Blessing and Illumination—Whole-hearted Singing—Faithful Dealing — A Glorious Response

FORTY-SIX years ago, two Army Officers stood on the Market Square of London, Ont., and started "The Army in Canada." How different was the Open-air held there on Saturday night, April 28th. It was a preliminary of the Commissioner's Bandsmen's Councils in that city, and five Bands and about two hundred Officers and Soldiers gathered at the historic spot for a monster Open-air, which was followed by a march through the business streets and a united Band Festival in the Masonic Hall.

An audience of over one thousand gathered in this splendid auditorium and listened with sustained pleasure to a program provided by the Bands from London I and III, Stratford, St. Thomas and Woodstock.

The Commissioner presided and kept everyone on the "qui vive" right through. From the opening song, for the last verse of which he conducted the massed Bands himself, until the Benediction, he was "on the job" every minute and the interest never flagged.

There were several hundred non-Salvationists present and the Commissioner made much of the opportunity of giving them some information about Army Bands throughout the world.

Every Band did its part splendidly and all were appreciated by the audience. The Hawaiian music by a trio of London I Bandsmen was rather a novelty. The smaller Bands used the Second Series music with splendid effect and we were reminded that much of this series is the product of the genius of The Army's leading composers.

The whole evening's effort was a splendid success.

The Councils

Londoners stared on Sunday morning at the sight of groups of Army Bandsmen making their way to the Alexander School, where the Councils were held. In a very convenient hall, just large enough to accommodate them comfortably, and flooded with warm Spring sunshine, about one hundred and fifty Bandsmen gathered to listen to words of counsel from the Commissioner and to unite in a quest for light and power to serve God more acceptably. They had not only come from the London Corps, but from many places outside the city. Woodstock, St. Thomas and Stratford Bands were there as units, while delegates from Ingersoll, Lisselton, Petrolia, Sarnia, St. Mary's and

Wingham had come to receive blessing to be carried back to these various centres, and there was one visitor from Hamilton.

The Commissioner was assisted all day by Colonel Morehen, Lt-Colonel Saunders, Brigadier Burton, Staff-Captain Wright and a number of other Officers from the city and other Corps of the Division.

The morning session was graced by the presence of Mrs. Brigadier Burton, Mrs. Staff-Captain Wright and Adjutant Wigle, Matron of Bethesda Hospital; but for the rest of the day the men had it all to themselves. Throughout the day, particularly valuable service was rendered by four young Bandsmen who provided musical accompaniment to all the singing.

Colonel Morehen started the proceedings with an old song to the tune of Hyffridyl. My didn't those men sing! It seemed as if they were really glad to be relieved of their instruments for a day and to be free for a real good vocal exercise. The wholehearted singing was a feature of the day; again and again it was remarked upon by the Commissioner and others.

An Inspiring Audience

The opening exercises were brief and bright, and the Commissioner was soon on his feet. After a few words expressing his appreciation of this day with its priceless opportunities, and a hearty commendation of the splendid program of Saturday night, he plunged into the consideration of his topic for the day. It is a striking testimony to his leadership that during the day that body of men sat and listened without a sign of restlessness for just about seven hours. On the other hand, they composed an audience to inspire any leader; the front row was made up of nine veterans whose service as Bandsmen totalled over three hundred years, and their eager attention and responses were an inspiration in themselves. Looking over the hall it was difficult to say which was most interesting, the grey-haired warriors adorned with long service badges or the keen young fellows so evidently eager to make good in the future.

It was a wonderful day of seeking and finding, of straightforward dealing and wholehearted acceptance. The Commissioner promised at the start to deal faithfully and plainly, and in every session he kept that promise in letter and in spirit.

As the meetings progressed he

probed more and more deeply into the very hearts of the men. Matters of intimate and vital interest to the soul were brought forward and dealt with fearlessly and fully, but in words that vibrated with a passion of tenderness and made offence impossible. Unworthy things were held up to ridicule and loaded with the scorn they deserve. At one moment the crowd would he swept with a gale of laughter and the next, as the Commissioner made the application and leaned forward with a challenging, "Am I right?" there would be a volleying "Yes" hurled back without a moment's hesitation.

In the afternoon session, Lt-Colonel Saunders gripped every heart with a stirring Bible address.

Impressive Singing

The Male Voice Party from London I were to have sung on Saturday night, but three of the members were too sick to be present. They were on hand for Sunday afternoon, however, and sang an octette which abundantly deserved the applause it received. At the evening session one of the numbers was again too sick to appear, but the remaining seven did splendidly, and the request from the leader of the party for prayers for his comrade moved the hearts of all to sympathy.

As the day drew to a close, the solemnity of the meeting increased, and after paying a tribute to the memory of Bandsman Wright, of St. Thomas, who had been promoted to Glory during the year, the Commissioner made an appeal for a wholehearted consecration on the part of all present. There was a glorious response and Heaven was made glad by an offering of lives and talents which will bear much fruit of righteousness in days to come.

Before the final closing, Bandsman Woods, of London I, spoke a few words to his fellow Bandsmen and Brigadier Burton thanked the Commissioner on behalf of all present. Then the Commissioner sang a verse of a solo and the day was closed by all joining hands and singing, "My only song is Jesus."

MRS. COLONEL HENRY

Conducts Two Home League Gatherings in Toronto

The Home League members at Byng Avenue were delighted when they knew they were to have Mrs. Colonel Henry to conduct their spiritual meeting. Mrs. Ensign Tiffen accompanied Mrs. Henry and gave a helpful talk.

Mrs. Henry followed, drawing lessons from the life of a Biblical character who, having a purpose, pursued it until it was an accomplished fact. The women were helped and encouraged and gave expression to their joy for the blessings received.

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

CARLETON PLACE—Friday, May 11.

OTTAWA III—Saturday, May 12.

SMITHS FALLS—Sunday, May 13 (Morning and night).

PERTH—Sunday, May 13 (Afternoon).

OTTAWA—Monday, May 14 (S.-D. Campaign and Graduation Exercises).

DANFORTH—Sunday, May 20.

NORTH TORONTO—Monday, May 28 (Davisville Auditorium, Dovercourt Court, Bands).

TORONTO TEMPLE—Monday, June 4 (Musical Festival, Earlscourt and Temple Bands).

WINDSOR—Thursday, June 7 (Hospital Graduation Exercises).

HAMILTON—Saturday, June 9 (Musical Festival).

HAMILTON—Sunday, June 10 (Bandsmen's Councils).

MASSEY HALL, TORONTO—Monday, June 25 (Commissioning of Cadets).

CHARLOTTESTOWN—Saturday and Sunday, June 30-July 1.

SUMMERSIDE—Monday, July 2.

SACKVILLE—Tuesday, July 3.

DORCHESTER—Wednesday, July 4.

*Colonel Adby will accompany.

*Colonel Morehen and Lt.-Colonel Saunders will accompany.

Mrs. Colonel Henry, assisted by Mrs. Brigadier Burrows, recently conducted the monthly Home League Spiritual meeting at Wychwood. The valuable and practical lessons, which she skilfully applied to the everyday life of those present, proved of much value. Mrs. Burrows also spoke very helpfully, and every Home League member went away feeling that a profitable time had been spent.



Our Musical Fraternity

The New Tune Book A Full Chorus of Welcome

MORE NEW MUSIC

The Band Journal, Nos. 971-974, is just to hand. It contains five items—two marches, two selections and a song arrangement.

Journal No. 971 is a march, "Joy of Heart," by Adjutant Bramwell Coles. Here is a biting 6-8 march, written primarily for parade use, but which will prove useful for Festival occasions also. The metronome indication—crochet 104—should be strictly adhered to in order that the music will gather that rhythmic swing which a march of this character calls for.

Marches are being utterly ruined in some quarters by the fact that they are taken at a break-neck speed and consequently lose in clarity and rhythm. There are some marches which can stand a fairly good tempo, but marches built for a steady, rhythmic, swinging stride such as this, are utterly spoilt by Bandmasters allowing the Band to run away with them. If you have seen the easy, swinging marching of the Guards Bands in London, you will know the sort of tempo desired for this march.

Bands in this Territory which can play a march at a well-controlled tempo are few and far between. Why is it? So many of our Bandmasters seem to think that to fling a march at a long-suffering public at a dizzy tempo will stampede them into ecstasies. It may, the non-musical folk, but you can't deceive your musically public.

Composers have a right to oblige us so far as their tempo instructions are concerned as well as their many other instructions on the Full Score. Don't rob them of their due.

No. 972 is a selection, "Gothsemane," by Staff-Captain W. Kitching. This is a piece of a meditative nature. The vocal items used include "That was my Lord," "Oh, Remember" and "Thoughts about Calvary."

The first two are generally well-known. The words of the third item are familiar to male-voice parties, but it is little known in its Army "uniform" to the outsider. There is a drawback about using such a tune as this. The Army words of which are so little known to the man in the street, especially in a selection of this character, "Carry me back to Old Virginia" will seem to the outsider to be a little out of place in a selection based upon a subject so sacred to the follower of Christ. Unless the selection is going to lose in effectiveness, it will be necessary before a start is made, to at least recite the words which are sung by male voice parties in The Army to the tune.

The selection is not difficult, and is designed for general use.

Journal 973 consists of two short pieces. The first is a short selection, "He will forgive," by

(Continued on page 13)

YES, ten thousand welcomes. You've been a long time coming, No. 3, but now that you are here—well, you are very worth while waiting for. No. 2 has had its day, and you have come in its stead. And before we get any further into our pow-wow, let us tell you right out that we think you are a beauty—the very finest thing we have yet struck.

You have burst upon us at long last, blushing with youth and abounding in new vigor. And, say, what a complexion (your covers we mean) you have! It is as red and glowing as the color of the tulips that bloom in many of our gardens. We mention this detail because outward appearances count for something!

But what shall we say of your contents, which are the things which really matter?

Distinguished Introduction

First, let us whisper that we think you are mighty fortunate in being introduced to the world by no less distinguished persons than the General and Mrs. Booth. We note with no little interest what the former says about you. Shall we read his words aloud to you? "This book contains what I desire to be the standard music for our Brass Bands in regard to songs in which the Soldiers and congregations unite."

Then again, Mrs. Booth—who was British Commissioner at the time the decision to bring you into being was given—has some very choice things to say about you in the foreword. She says that Bandmasters and men will cordially receive you, that you will be particularly helpful because of your simplicity and other beautiful things.

So you see that you have a big reputation at stake; but there's no need for worry, No. 3, you'll mount up to that all right!

We cannot refrain from commenting upon your well-ordered indexes; they are very helpful. We congratulate you upon your smooth, well-printed pages—they are a delight to the touch. And what shall we say about your wealth of tunes—541 of them? Gems of ever-varying color and pattern glitter on every page. Had we space we would let them parade before us—name them one by

one and say a word about each; but alas—space!

All the good things that were said about your predecessor may be said about you—yea, much more, for you have advantages that were missing in No. 2's collection. Your charming, soul-stirring melodies from the pens of gifted writers, with their effective pitch and harmonic arrangements, are such as to delight the soul of any musician.

But wait! We cannot hold back from reminding you—much as we love you—that two or three printers' errors, like thieves in the night, have crept into your admirable make-up. For instance, we observe that in the solo cornet copy of No. 149, "Thou art a Mighty Saviour," which is a 3-4 time, it has a 4-4 time signature! Again, have you noticed in No. 149, "Hardy Norseman," that you have a dot in the last bar of verse that ought not to be there? And may we point out that the first-time bracket in the Eb bass copies of No. 112 is slightly misplaced—just a bar too late! Other slight discrepancies may come to light, but there, trifles like these will crop up in the best-ordered households.

Suitable for Every Occasion

To revert to your tunes, the thing of most importance about you, we can only say that they are suitable for every occasion that arises—from the cradle to the grave! Place, clime, language, custom, will not embarrass you—you are an international opportunist—a champion of righteousness—an inspired herald—and will be given a welcome wherever and whenever you appear. Your familiar, heart-soothing, uplifting melodies will not be out of place at the sick bed, the dying couch, the cottage front, the palace courtyard, the sequestered village byways, or the dust-ridden city highways; they are fit to grace gatherings as diverse in situation as Timbuctoo is from the Crystal Palace.

Many of us have already tasted of your glories, and testify that you suit us magnificently, whether around the stand in the practice-room, at the Open-air, on the march or festival platform, or in Testimony, Salvation, or Holiness Meetings. You seem compiled to meet our every

BAND AND SONGSTER CHAT

The new Tune Book is now on the music stands and comrades everywhere are delighted with it. The drop is perfect, the arrangement of music is all to the good. There can be no gainsaying the new arrangement of many of the old tunes. Bandmasters who had learned them by heart and have to unlearn many of the parts they had memorized, are finding difficulty in getting them again.

Among the new ones in the Tune Book are some fine old hymns as well as some new ones. It is hoped that this splendid collection of tunes will be well used so that they may indeed well become widely known. We were gratified to work a good old faithful band of tunes in the former Book a little in the new. There are some gems in the Tune Book which we must lay bare.

Musical comrades from the Old Lad will be interested to hear that the famous International Headquarters Song Brigade, for long known as the Sing Songsters, has been disbanded after it was discovered that there had been only two leaders during the whole of that time—Colonel Herbert Jackson and Brigadier Ralton Howard. A new band is being formed consisting of comrades from the Assurance Headquarters.

At Banffeth an interesting program of music was given on a recent Saturday evening. Bandmaster George Broad having charge. Comrades from many Toronto bands, both amateur and bandmaster Harry Hanigan of the Temple Band, presided.

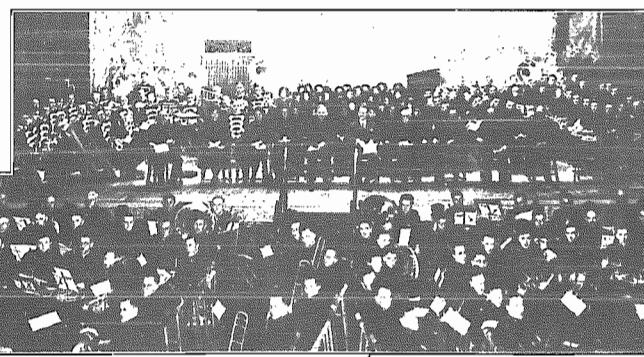
The North Bay Band gave a program in the Citadel on a recent Monday. The Citadel was nicely filled and the program well rendered, the gathering showing their appreciation in a hearty manner.

need, and, we think, will do so for the next twenty-five years, or perhaps longer. You will do much for our Army Bands, to improve their tone, tuning, phrasing, rhythm, treatment of melody—in short, all the things that go to make for the organ effect in playing, so greatly strive after. You are a mine of inspired music; we shall study you, dissect you, learn of you, use you more and more, and, we trust, will not let you down!

We would fain go on laying bouquets at your feet, and extolling your virtues; we know that you will continue to be sought after, admired, and bought in thousands by those who comprise our wonderful Army the world over, but hidest it all, we would remind you in closing that the Alpha and Omega of your existence—as it was of No. 2—is to help us—Salvation Army musicians in spreading the Light of Salvation to all men, aiding us in bringing this spoiled world to the feet of Jesus.

To that end we raise our caps to you, while our hearts exhort, "Lord, we believe!" "The Bandsmans and Songsters."

The errors mentioned above will be rectified in future reprints. Regarding the former territories which may arise, Lt.-Col. Hawke would appreciate a notification of same.—Ed.)



Comrades in arms! A photograph of men of the brass of two Territories who took part in a recent United Festival in Detroit. The combinations taking part were Windsor 1 Band and Songster Brigade (Bandmaster Cobbett and Songster-Leader Smith), Flint Band (Deputy-Bandmaster Wilson, Detroit 1 Band and Songsters (Bandmaster Herival and Songster-Leader Harp), and the Chicago Staff Band (Staff-Bandmaster W. Broughton).



Outposts Visited

COCHRANE (Captain Clarke, Lieutenant Lynch)—On Monday, April 9th, Major Cameron and Ensign Bond, from Timmins, made a visit and our Open-air stand was indeed a blessing to all who heard them. On Monday night we journeyed to Kapuskasing, about ten miles away. Tuesday morning ten operators were held there. We were unable to secure a hall for Tuesday night, but that day we visited, and while we conducted the Open-air stand would be at the "Circle," at 7.30 p.m. Although it was very cold a large crowd gathered around to hear us. Tuesday the Xmas band delivered. On Wednesday we left Kapuskasing and went to another town.

Self-Denial will Prove Your Love for God

named Smooth Rock Falls, over thirty miles away, and a number of Open-airs were held there. Through the kindness of Rev. Davis, of the United Church, we were able to hold our services in his church. A good number attended, and a blessed time was experienced. On Thursday morning the party left Smooth Rock Falls and arrived at Cochrane about noon. Visitation was done in the afternoon, and at night a Salvation meeting was conducted. We were greatly pleased to receive the design for their services, and pray they will result in the salvation of many souls.

Uniting the County

STELLARTON (Captain Coley, Lieutenant Goodall)—The united meeting of the Picton County Corps was held here on Wednesday night. Staff-Captain Richards was in charge, assisted by the county officers. The corps members attended the Open-air, and a good crowd stood around to listen to the messages. The inside meeting was well attended and enjoyed by all. At the close THREE knots at the Cross.

"Their Works do Follow Them"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great need of The Salvation Army, and make a bequest to the Beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST:
"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$_____, or so much thereof as my property, known as No. _____, in the City or Town of _____, to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

OR:
"I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$_____, or so much thereof as my property, known as No. _____, in the City or Town of _____, to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, and the recipient of the said William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, to be substituted during my life, my testator for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property or the proceeds of sale of property used in carrying out the above and the following clause: "For use in (Rescue or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information, apply to

LIEUT. COMMISSIONER
MAXWELL,
20 Albert Street,
Toronto 2.

German Recruits Enrolled

KITCHENER (Commandant and Mrs. Kitchener)—The services on Sunday, April 15th, were led by our Divisional Commandant Lt-Colonel Kitchener, and the meeting was greatly enjoyed by all. In the night meeting we rejoiced over ONE seeking Salvation. A very important event took place in the afternoon meeting of the following Sunday, when SEVEN comrades were enrolled as Soldiers under The Army Colors, by Commandant Kitchener. The service consisting in this ceremony for the benefit of two comrades of German nationality, who understood but little English. A very fine crowd was present, and the meeting closed with a rousing selection by the Band.

Winning by Prayer

PARRSBORO (Captain Williams, Lieutenant Turner)—Major and Mrs. Tilley visited this Corps on Monday, April 16th, and we had a wonderful meeting of instruction and blessing. Throughout the meeting we felt the presence of God, and at the close our hearts were overjoyed to see FIFTEEN seekers at the mercy-seat, among them several for whom we had been praying for a long time. The newly-formed Singing Company's music, by instrument and song, was also a great help.

Four at the Cross

GANOOGUE (Ensign Tucker, Lieutenant Speller)—We had great pleasure in visiting with us from Eastwood weekend Sister Scott, of Royal Oak, Mich. Much blessing was received from her helpful talk from the Word of God. On the 14th and 15th of April we had a visit from Field-Major Brace of Smith's Falls. In the afternoon the Major gave a helpful talk to the children at the Community Games. At night a good crowd was present, and we rejoiced to see FOUR seekers at the Cross for the day.

Free After Fifteen Years

HALIFAX I (Adjutant and Mrs. Bosher)—Brother A. Campbell a convert of seven weeks, who is a commercial traveler, is full of fire, and his testimony to salvation was a great help in the Open-air and indoor meetings. For fifteen years he was addicted to drink, but now he has perfect victory. Last Saturday the Adjutant gave a very helpful address on "Topics of Grace, ancient and modern." Sunday meetings were largely attended, and SIX knots at the mercy-seat.

Enthusiastic Mass Meeting

DUNDAS (Captain and Mrs. Dickenson)—Having as its aim the creating of greater interest and enthusiasm in the work of the corps, a mass meeting was held in the Music Hall on Sunday evening, and much good is expected to result. Commandant Hurd, financial representative of the Hamilton Division, gave a stirring address. His subject, "The Underworld," dealt with many cases of human wreckage that had been brought to a realization of their plight and need for becoming good citizens. The meeting was presided over by Mr.

Eighteen New Juniors

OWEN SOUND (Captain and Mrs. Gage)—In last Sunday's Sunday meeting we had a blessed time for our service in the Company Meeting. There was a large attendance with EIGHTEEN new members added to the Roll. On Sunday evening we had a special service dedicating their all to God. We finished up by joining hands all round the building and consecrating our lives to God for service.

A Day of Victory

HAMILTON IV (Commandant and Mrs. Johnston, Lieutenant Grant) — On Sunday, April 29th, we had a good attendance all day in spite of very bad weather. In the afternoon the Colonel visited the Outpost and then the Company Meeting, where an interesting service took place in the Company Meeting. After two rousing Open-airs at night a great Salvation meeting was held. During the service the Colonel presented Lord Baden-Powell Badges to several comrades. In the Prayer-meeting it wasn't long before the first knot was at the Cross, a young boy, soon followed by a young adult. Our Junior meeting FOUR young people gave their hearts to God.—J. K. Newton.

After Long Delay

KENTVILLE (Captain Clague, Lieutenant Davey)—On Monday, April 23rd, we were favored with a visit from Major Mrs. Tilley. The Major's message aroused a special interest in her, and we rejoiced at the close of the meeting over FIVE precious souls kneeling at the Cross. One of those who sought Christ had never heard of the Army before, her testimony that she had done to night what she should have done long ago.

Hustling Corps Cadets

ENNETER (Captain Huson, Lieutenant Thompson)—We recently held a Corps meeting. Five Corps Cadets conducted nine spiritual Open-air and indoor meetings during the week-end. Again last Thursday they led special service entitled "Count your blessings." They also conducted a special service on God. On April 21st the Band-of-Yeoman and Home Guard cooperated in a Sale of Work, and though the weather was very bad it proved very successful, and the grand sum of \$25.00 was raised.

Band Broadcasts Cheer

LISGAR STREET (Ensign Kettle, Captain and Mrs. Kettle)—The meeting on Sunday, April 22nd, was conducted by our own Officers. The Holiness meeting was a heart-searching occasion. The officers and men took the form of Musical Band and Singers, acquitted themselves well, also the Y.P. Singing Company sang very sweetly, previous to which a solo of one of our girls. In the evening meeting we welcomed Bandsman and Mrs. Leah, from Lindsay. On Monday evening the Band and Singers met at the Lisgar Street Hospital and gave a varied program in the auditorium, which was broadcast to the different wards. Captain Sidney Lamont presided, and expressed high appreciation of the excellent program. G.H.F.

A. L. Shaver and Mayor John E. Robinson, both of whom gave credit to The Army for a service to humanity that could not be measured by words. Lieutenant H. A. Hunt of Kitchener delivered a pleasing sermon. Rev. W. C. Morrow opened the meeting with prayer and pronounced the Benediction: "We thank Thee, O God, and we thank Thee, our superintendent of St. Paul's Sunday school, delivered brief addresses.

It is most encouraging to see the converts lighting and testifying to the power of salvation. A young fellow who had been a Bandsman John Oultram, from London 1 Corps. At the close of the night meeting we rejoiced to see THREE souls kneeling at the mercy-seat.

Toronto Temple Band

The Toronto Temple Band gave a very interesting program of music on Saturday evening, April 21st, which was well attended. The Band did splendidly, and vocal solos by Bandsman Hotchkiss and Slater W. Dording were much appreciated. The drummer, Bandsman George, brought out a brand new musical instrument, which he calls the Glassophone. It was wonderful to hear to the sound of the glass. The drummer got out of those timbrels.

Bandsman Bram. Moore has had to relinquish his duties for the time being, through an injury to his arm, and sending him home as a salaried man. In the near future we hope to see him back again.

We have also welcomed Bandsman R. Wilson from Saint John, N.B., who takes up tenor horn.—B.D.

Timmins Home League Notes

The "Talent Scheme" valiantly half of this went to start a band for sick comrades. A Home League Tea was held on April 1st, and a very enjoyable time was spent. The gift money was given by the members after which Mrs. Ensign Bond thanked the women for their patriotic work for the week. We have three, four, six members, Sister Mrs. W. Patterson, Home League Secretary, and Sister Mrs. Bond is Home League Treasurer.



Gleanings From the Men's Social

HAMILTON

Staff-Captain Watson and his Staff are making good use of the improved building facilities.

A young man from Switzerland who was stranded in Hamilton and feeling the pinch of hunger, walked into the Post Office and told his story to a sympathetic member of the staff. This sympathetic response from the Men's Social Superintendent, the young man was provided with a meal and a place to sleep, and a friend indeed. He is being looked after by The Salvation Army until permanent employment is secured.

QUEBEC

Captain Van Room is not only alive but

Freely hast thou received Freely shouldst thou give

the social side of affairs, but has just reported seven souls saved in his meetings. Splendid! The Founder said, "If we don't get souls saved, nothing else is any good."

SYDNEY

Captain Everett reports splendid meetings at the Jaffi, with two souls saved last week.

PARRY SOUND

Captain Murray writes hopefully of progress being made at the Jaffi meetings. Last Sunday we had an interesting meeting, with 100 in attendance. Four Officers and 1000 comrades. Two Officers and 1000 comrades. Two officers were saved in a recent meeting.

LONDON

Field-Major Ash reports a splendid meeting at the Jaffi, when the London Band put on a splendid program, which was greatly enjoyed by the men and officials. Four prisoners rated to lead a band, indicating a desire to lead another life.

MONTREAL

Commandant Tammie reports that during February and March he had seven persons out of twenty-four souls cases—a good percentage.

Field-Major Parsons and his assistants provided 3,700 free Sunday dinners to the poor men who lodged at the Jaffi. This was greatly appreciated by the men. This is the most difficult year of all the week to obtain either work or food.

In The Presence of the King

"A SALVATIONIST FIRST
AND LAST"
Brother E. R. McKay, Hamilton
IV

A Salvationist first, last, and all the time! That sums up Brother McKay, who has been called to his Eternal Home. Brought up in a Salvationist home, he was led to God when young in years. He followed in the footsteps of his sister and entered the Tracing Garrison in London, from Parkhead, Glasgow.

After a number of years' service, home circumstances compelled him to leave the Work. Coming to Canada before the war, he settled in Ottawa.



The late Brother McKay,
Hamilton IV

and became a hardworking Soldier at No. II Corps. He remained there until the outbreak of hostilities, when he went overseas. Returning, he eventually became a Soldier at Hamilton IV Corps.

Though not in the best of health, our comrade was of much blessing and help in the Corps. We shall miss his testimony, which was always cheery and helpful. A few months ago he had to leave us and return to the Kingston Military Hospital. At New Year he was with us and we remembered well his testimony. "If I never see you on earth again, I shall see you in Heaven." On Thursday, March 28th, he was called Home. On the Tuesday before his passing he sang three verses of, "It is well with my soul." While he was singing, a hospital orderly, who was unconverted, spoke to him, "Now you've got me; you've broken me down." A number of souls have been won for Christ by our comrade in the hospital.

The remains of our comrade were interred in Woodlawn Cemetery, Hamilton, where a brief but impressive service was conducted by Commandant and Mrs. Johnston, and Lieut. Simpson, from Port Colborne, spoke. The Band took part in the procession, making a great impression on the people.

At the Memorial service, a number of comrades, including Brother Simpson, of Ottawa II, who was brought to God through the prayers and life of Brother McKay, and Bandsman William Hains, of Hamilton II, spoke of our comrade's life and character. The Young People's Sergeant-Major sang a verse of his favorite song and the Band played the "Dead March in Saul." After a moving address by the Commandant, one sister knelt at the Cross—Corres. J. K. Newton.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF SERVICE
Sister Mrs. McBurney, Saint John III

Sister Mrs. Annie McDurney has been called Home. Our veteran comrade, who had reached her eightieth birthday, gave her heart to God thirty-

**Salvationist Warriors Answer the Summons
and Go to Their Reward**

The Call will Come to You—Are You Ready?

seven years ago. She occupied the position of Treasurer for a number of years, and was loved by all who knew her. Her life was full of sunshine, and she dispensed help and cheer to all. Although unable to attend the meetings during the last few years, Sister McBurney lived for her Lord at home. Our comrade was never heard to murmur or complain, she always had something to praise God for. At the end, our warrior Sister assured the Commandant that all was well with her soul.

The Funeral was conducted by Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey, assisted by Staff-Captain Ursaki and the Rev. Mr. McKim. The latter told how he had been blessed by our comrade's life. On Sunday night the Memorial service was conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Knight. Several comrades spoke of the life of our dear sister, and many were led to think of eternal truths.

A BRIGHT SPIRIT
Songster Beatrice House, St. John's II, Newfoundland

On March 24th, after five weeks' of suffering, the bright spirit of our young comrade, Beatrice House, aged twenty, and the only daughter of



The late Songster House, St. John's II

Brother and Sister John House, passed to her Eternal Reward. Our young comrade was a willing worker in the Corps, and will be sadly missed. She was a Company Guard, a Life-Saving Guard, a Songster, a Corps Cadet, as well as Sunbeam Treasurer. She was nearly always the champion Self-Denial and Harvest Festival collector.

In all her affliction, her faith in God was firm and her passing was triumphant. She told her mother not to mourn for her, for she was going home to be with Jesus. After making arrangements for her Funeral service, she asked her sister-in-law to sing "Abide with me," and when the song was finished she said, "Oh, how sweet!" A moment or two afterward her spirit took its flight.

A large number of comrades and friends attended the funeral. After a service at the home, a large number of Officers, comrades and friends marched away to The Army cemetery, all branches of the Corps being represented, the Band leading the way. At the graveside, Major Walton conducted the service, assisted by various Officers. At the Memorial service, conducted by Field-Major and Mrs. Sulbury, many spoke of our sister's influence for good, and at the close eight souls found Christ.

KITCHENER'S OLDEST SOLDIER

Brother "Dad" Schuster

The Angel of Death has at last removed from our midst our oldest Soldier in the person of Brother Schuster. Following a stroke which laid him aside for six weeks, he peacefully passed away on Sunday afternoon, March 25th, at the age of eighty-one years. During this time he was often visited by our Officers and other comrades of the Corps, and although practically unable to speak, gave evidence of the fact that he had no fear of death, and to those who stood at his bedside, whispered that he was "going Home."

Dad Schuster, as he was familiarly called, was loved by all who knew him. Born in Germany, he came to Canada at the age of nine years, and finally settled in Kitchener, where he has lived for over sixty years. It was almost forty years ago, when The Army first opened fire in Berlin, that he was converted, and became one of the first Salvationists here. Dad Schuster used to tell of how he and Captain Moore (now Lt.-Colonel) used to go out to the bush and cut wood which they used to heat the Hall during the Winter months.



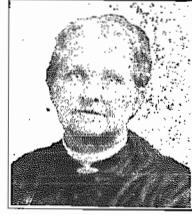
The late Brother Schuster,
Kitchener

Many an interesting story he could tell of The Army in those early days, of the hard fighting and the bitter persecution encountered, and of how stones were often hurled through the windows of the Hall while the meetings were in progress. It is interesting to note that he for a time was a soldier in the Canadian Army, and saw service at the time of the Fenian Raids in 1860-70.

Sad to relate, however, he became a backslider, and for many, many years was a wanderer from God, going from bad to worse, and as he himself said, recklessly wasted his life in wretched sin and folly. Beyond a doubt he would have ended his life that way were it not for a devoted daughter, Sister Mrs. Blatchford. It was four years ago, and while a Revival Campaign was being conducted by Major and Mrs. Kendall, that through the influence of Sister Mrs. Blatchford he was finally persuaded to come to the meetings, with the result that the wanderer of many years, then an old man of seventy-seven, was found a penitent at the mercy-seat. As the days went by, the marvellous change that had been wrought in the heart and life of

Brother Schuster was a source of wonder to all who knew him. From that day till his death, a few years later, he proved himself a true and humble follower of Jesus Christ. He often came to the meetings, where his smiling face and the bright, happy testimony which he gave to the power of God in his life was an inspiration to us all.

The Funeral was conducted by Commandant Condie, and at the Memorial service, which was held the following Sunday, the Hall was crowded by mourners and friends. Corps Sergeant-Major Mitchell and Treasurer Lodge both spoke of the life of our departed comrade. The Band played "Promoted to Glory," and Commandant Condie gave an impressive address.



The late Sister Mrs. ("Mother") Clark, who was one of the oldest Soldiers of Saint John I. An account of this veteran Sister's life and passing appeared in a previous issue.

MORE NEW MUSIC

(Continued from page 10)

Band-Sergeant Dockrell, and will be found eminently suitable for use in Sunday night meetings. Incidentally, there is need for care here. We have heard a good deal of music played in these meetings which was not intended for such occasions but for meetings of a more festive character. Festivals, etc. There is a whole repertoire of music suitable for Salvation meetings, and the present selection will make a welcome addition to this.

The second item on this sheet is Sir Arthur Sullivan's fine song, "The Homeland." Lt.-Colonel Hawkes has provided an effective setting, and suggests that, with a little accommodation, verses 1, 3 and 4 of "Tell me the Old, Old Story" (omitting the chorus) can be sung to this setting, as well as other songs of similar metre.

"The Homeland" will provide a most impressive piece for Memorial services, as well as a suitable item for Salvation meetings. By the way, Songsters are reminded that this piece appears in the M.S., Vol. 31, page 97. It is well worth looking up.

No. 97: is a march, "Heavenward," by Bandsman H. Scotney, of New Zealand. This is a piece of a bravura type, full of bustle. It is on the difficult side, and makes rather exacting demands upon the players. Cornettists will rather fight shy of it on a warm day, for it is much more suited to the indoor occasion than for marching purposes. But for those who like plenty to do, here is a chance for you. Again, keep down to the tempo, or the march will lose its clarity and the detail will be smudged.

Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and perfecter of our faith. Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame.—Hebrews 12:1, 2.

CHAPTER XVII

On Furlough

EVER since his father's death, Gilbert had attended The Army meetings and had even gone so far as to publicly acknowledge having received pardon through the Blood of Christ, also a free and Full Salvation. In a few weeks there would be an enrolment. His name already stood on the list as a future Soldier. The Staff-Captain who had been such a staunch friend was always on hand to help when young Rossetti needed advice.

He had never met Della. Somehow she seemed to have been swallowed up since he commenced making preparations to link up his life with The Army. If he could only have known, she was in the East end of London. What a vast Organization he was about to enter. All unknown to the world at large these friends of sinning and sorrowing humanity were hunting for Christ's jewels among the off-scourings of the world.

Counting on a Furlough

Yes, if he had known how Della was counting upon a furlough, and then to fresh fields of labor. August would soon be here. Her next Corps would be in Wales—but how about that furlough? She had given so much and funds were low. There was little more than her expenses in her purse, but in her heart there was the whole volume of promises. So committing herself to God's Fatherly care she bravely packed her belongings. The next Corps was about ten miles from Llandudno. A little inland place. Yes, she would get off at Llandudno, once more she would take in the sea breezes. Not a soul would remember two Summers she had spent there with her father, but now all things were changed. She hardly dare think where the money was coming to pay hotel expenses. If she only had a place to sleep, the matter of food, well, she could live cheaper by taking lunches near the beach. No one must ever know how much of her salary had been spent on those poor little waifs she met on her daily visits. "Trust and obey," was a very good motto, and this brave little Officer was going to obey to the letter.

The morning of her departure came and very early the van from the railway station called for her box for one shilling. She could have it taken and she could walk to the train. She directed the luggage to Llandudno, to be left till called for. Some one knocked at the door. Who could it be, all her farewells had been said. She opened it to find the Colonel who had the oversight of the District.

"All ready, Captain? Here's a little cheque coming to you—was afraid I might be too late."

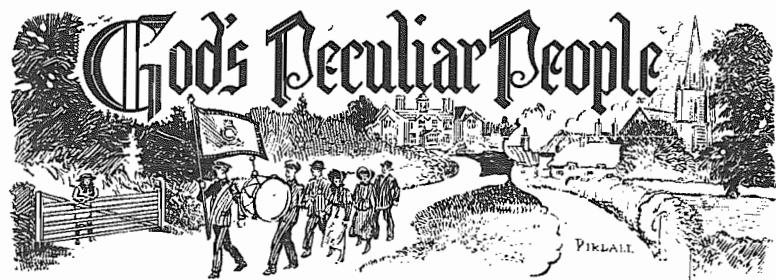
Richer by Ten Pounds

Poor Delta; so great was her joy she could hardly keep the tears back. She tore it open eagerly to find she was richer by ten pounds. Now doubly sweet would be her holiday. Seeing the relief in her face, the Colonel knew that his time in commanding had not been wasted.

He further suggested taking her to Waterloo Station and seeing her train off. Soon she was away from the dust and smoke, gazing out on green pastures and meadow lands. Happy little girl—only those who are willing to spend and be spent in the service of their fellow creatures can know the perfect joy of such a holiday.

* * *

There was a certain little cottage close to the beach at Llandudno where a few people had stayed as paying guests. With the exception of these, Mrs. Grimes was the householder and sole occupant until one dark, stormy night last Winter when she was listening to the howling of the wind—it would probably calm down towards morning.



Suddenly from her little window she saw a torch flare up from somewhere out at sea. She knew only too well what it meant. She knew that no vessel could live amid that boiling surf, especially if it were disabled. She knew the color of the rockets—each told a silent tale of disaster.

In the distance she could see the life-boat men making for the beach, taking the life-boat on its wheel carriage. They slipped the boat into the water, but the angry waves tipped it

The poor dog lay panting, but as soon as the warmth of the fire began to make its presence felt he dragged himself nearer to it. Mrs. Grimes went to her pantry to see what dainty morsel to put down before her four-footed guest. There was a bowl of milk, yes, that would do. She placed it on the fire to take the chill off it, broke in some slices of bread and placed it on the floor in front of the dog. He lapped it up greedily. In a few hours his coat was dry, and his every look seemed



The water dripping from his shaggy coat

over as though they were insulted at anyone attempting to launch anything of such a contemptible size or the wide bosom of its mad waves.

There were no more rockets, and the men silently drew in the life-boat to place it in the boat-house. It could be nothing less than a wreck. All they could do was to wait till daylight. Widow Grimes, as she had come to be known along the beach, had gone down on her knees and was pleading that God would have mercy on the toils of the deep whatever their fate might be.

The dawn was just creeping up over the mountains. The storm having done its worst had become a perfect calm. The widow was sure she heard a scratching at her cottage door. Slipping on a shawl, she went to open it, when in bounded a huge St. Bernard dog, the water dripping from his long, shaggy coat, mauling pools on the floor.

She did not know what fear meant, but wonderment filled her mind.

"Now where have you come from? Ah yes, I know, doggie, you have swum in from that wreck. God help those poor people, whoever they might be."

Meanwhile, she was not idle, but was busy kindling a fire in her tiny kitchen.

her garden so trim and neat many times that day. Those huge crimson roses, how lovely they smell, and the sweet lavender mingled with all the old-fashioned flowers that mother earth had nourished so faithfully.

"The widow sighed, "Aye bill will like some one to step in and have a good time before the Winter is upon us. True Miss Daisy often comes, but she is not my little nestling any longer," and looking up to the great dome of blue heaven, she breathed a prayer, "Dear Master, if there is anything I can do for one of Thy tired children, I'll be more than willing." Suddenly the sight of Bob's tail wagging reminded her it was time to be off.

One of the "Peculiar"

Just as they arrived at the static platform the train, relieved of its passengers and luggage, was beginning to move out. The station master and his help were busy loading luggage on to the vehicles waiting to catch a fare. Mrs. Grimes was attracted by a silent figure in a blue uniform.

"Bless my soul, if it ain't one of God's peculiar people, as Miss Daisy used to say. Now I wonder what the little lady is looking for. Wish the boys would hurry up with them niggers' luggage." "Say, you Bill, the young lady wants help."

"Go and help her yourself, ma'm. I'm too busy."

"Bill, saucy lad, if I were you mother I'd be ashamed of you!"

"Excuse me, ma'm, you seem to be a stranger, can an old boy like me do anything to help you?"

Poor Delta, she was tired, travel-stained and hungry.

"Thank you so much, but I do need directing to some honest cottage where I can have simple food and rest for three weeks."

Sent by the Lord

Mrs. Grimes turned to the dog. "Now Bob, did you ever hear tell like? Just the little lady we was to meet, and we found her widow any trouble. Where's your luggage, ma'm? You are to be my guest sent straight to me by the Lord Himself. Praise His Name. Ay, yes, Bill, bring your truck and this box to my cottage. It goes in there and you're going to bring it to me, and you're going to bring it to me, and you're going to bring it to me."

Bill was soon on the jump. Spectators probably thought it a strange proceeding, but the good woman's heart was singing with joy. Hallelujah! the Lord sent her one of His dear little children to care for for three whole weeks?

Arrived at the cottage, they found everything in perfect order. The kettle was singing on the hob, the cheeckul everything looked to the traveler.

"Now, my dear, I'll show you jee room."

To Delta's unspeakable delight she found herself in a small, white bedroom, everything white. The window walls were open against the sky, and beneath was a rose tree, also some honeysuckles, vining with each other to see which could

(Continued on page 13)

Circulation Chart

Corps selling 900 and over	
Halifax I	910 (Adjutant and Mrs. Bosher)
Montreal I	900 (Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)
Corps selling 600 and over	600
Riverside	600 (Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)
Ottawa I	600 (Ensign and Mrs. Paille)

Corps selling 500 and over	
Hamilton IV	875 (Commander and Mrs. Johnston, Lieut. (Capt.)
Hamilton I	650 (Commandant and Mrs. Elsworth)
Montreal I	525 (Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)

Corps selling 400 and over	
Toronto	400 (Ensign and Mrs. Bond, Lieut. Dowd)

Corps selling 300 and over	
Lippincott	375 (Captain and Mrs. Ellis)

Yorkville	
I	365 (Commandant and Mrs. Sheller)

Windsor I	
I	350 (Adjutant John McLean, Ensign Hayward)

Saint John I	
I	325 (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)

St. Thomas	
I	325 (Commandant and Mrs. Woodcock)

Sherbrooke	
I	315 (Ensign and Mrs. Larman, Lieutenant Hallam)

Hamilton III	
I	315 (Commandant and Mrs. Wiseman)

Montreal II	
I	300 (Ensign and Mrs. Hart)

Corps selling 200 and over	
Brock Avenue	290 (Captain and Mrs. Green)

True	
I	285 (Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)

Halifax II	
I	275 (Commandant Wells)

Windsor II	
I	275 (Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison)

Danforth	
I	275 (Adjutant and Mrs. Morris)

Barrie	
I	270 (Commandant and Mrs. Cavender)

North Toronto	
I	270 (Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Barrett)

East Toronto	
I	265 (Commandant and Mrs. Bayne)

Fredericton	
I	265 (Field-Major and Mrs. Hiscock)

Niagara Falls	
I	265 (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmings, Lieutenant Smith)

Oshawa	
I	260 (Field-Major and Mrs. Oshouris)

Brantford	
I	260 (Field-Major and Mrs. Squarebriggs)

Kingston	
I	250 (Commandant and Mrs. Barday)

Dovercourt	
I	250 (Adjutant Jones, Captain Feltham)

London I	
I	250 (Commandant and Mrs. Lating)

Orillia	
I	250 (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)

Sydney	
I	250 (Captain and Mrs. Everett)

Hamilton II	
I	250 (Adjutant Bird, Captain Hart)

Peterborough	
I	250 (Ensign and Mrs. Green)

St. Catharines	
I	250 (Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)

West Toronto	
I	240 (Commandant and Mrs. Davis, Lieutenant Ward)

Clayton	
I	235 (Captain Zarfas, Lieutenant Simpson)

Parliament Street	
I	225 (Ensign Davison, Lieutenant Picher)

Windsor III	
I	225 Ensigns Hickling and Richardson

NEW TERRITORIAL CHAMPIONS

HALIFAX I SPRINGS A SURPRISE—MONTREAL I PASSED—WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT?—A BOOMING DARE-DEVIL—KEEP THE PACE UP!

YOU see what space I have at my disposal this week. Too bad! Well, first you will note that the Circulation Chart returns. Note

Halifax I is on the upgrade. Their 50 increase brings them above Montreal I. Yes, and they become

Territorial Champions.

Bravo, Halifax!

Now we shall see a merry duel for

OUR ROLL OF HONOR

This Week's Increases

Halifax I	50 (Adjutant and Mrs. Bosher)
Westville, N. S.	10 (Lieut. Judine)
Danforth	30 (Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)
New Waterford	15 (Ensign Clague)

105

the change of position of some of the Corps. What's happened to Earls court?

Second. Here is friend Mason, of Ottawa I, popping up again. This comrade sold 2,000 WAR CRYs, and says that if the Lord spares him he is going to

Challenge the World

for Christmas sales! That's going some. But Mason's the man!

All the same, I can't see the world taking that challenge lying down. I vision a rising of boomer-notables in countries across the sea and across the line and within our own gates, who will make a bid for the title.

Anyway, all success to you, friend Mason. I'll stand by you.

Third, this week's Roll of Honor. 105 up! Good! Keep that pace up and we get a 5,000 rise for the year.

When supper was at last disposed of they shared in the duties of washing the dishes. It was still warm outside so they went on to the tiny porch for a while. The lights shone out over the water, and the moon shed its radiance from above. These two, so strangely drawn together, exchanged confidences.

Mrs. Grimes told our little Captain about praying for some one to come and enjoy the beauty of her flower garden.

Fulfils His Promises

"Aye, yes, lassie, it's wonderful how the Lord fulfills His promises. So you think my tiny cottage a paradise? Just wait till the great trumpet sounds and the saints gather on the Heavenly shore. That will be the time. Some folks are delighted to have all their pleasure down here, but I want the dear Lord to choose for me. True, Miss Della, it has been a very thorny path, but then Jesus wore a crown of thorns for me, and soon I'm going home to the many mansions. I get very tired sometimes, but then it's the Father's will and He never forgets His promises."

"Are you very lonely, Mrs. Grimes?"



Evoy and Mrs. Mason, of Ottawa I

first place. Will Montreal I allow this? Wait and see.

Adjutant Bosher and his determined boomers mean business. "So do we," shout the Montreal I squad. Right Oh! Go to it, my merry men. I'll hold your coats while you fight it out.

A word of advice to friend Bosher—let me whisper it in your ear—"Order 100 more quickly." Now a whisper in the ear of brave Gillingham—"Do ditto."

Then a word to both—"Keep doing it."

Space's gone. More anon.

—C. M. Rising.

No, Miss Della, I've got Miss Daisy. She has neither father nor mother, but her grandparents fairly worship her. They live just a quarter of a mile as you go up the Parade. She has only one brother, Master Gilbert. Aye, but he's a fine young gentleman, learning to be a doctor. Did you say you came from London, Miss? Why that is where Doctor Rossetti lives, but of course it's such a big place, they tell me you can live there for years and never meet your own relations in the next street. Did I see you shiver, my dear? Shall I get you a shawl?"

"No thank you, Mrs. Grimes."

A Visitor

"Well, as I was saying, Master Gilbert has never visited Wales, but we are expecting him in a few days. Now you must put your best bib and tucker on. Never mind them blue dresses you wear when you go looking for the Lord's lost ones. You're here for a good time, and this old woman will see that you get one. Now, Miss Della, you must have your beauty sleep, and don't be getting up too soon."

Before parting for the night they besought the Heavenly Father's blessing upon their night's rest. When Della was alone in that spotless little room she opened her little promise book. With all the manifestations of God's boundless love she had received that day she wanted one more promise. She found the words, "They shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads."

So she fell asleep listening to the gentle waves in their ceaseless roll over the pebbly beach, while she

Galt	Adjutant and Mrs. Graves	225
New Glasgow	Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens	225
St. Stephen	Adjutant and Mrs. Cummings	225
Sudbury	(Captain and Mrs. Jolly, Captain Dearman)	225
Charlottetown	Adjutant and Mrs. Deacon	225
Swansea	(Captain Page, Lieut. Williams)	225
Woodstock, Ont.	Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson	210
Ottawa III	Adjutant and Mrs. Howes	210
Montreal IV	Adjutant and Mrs. Thompson	200
Kitchener	(Commandant and Mrs. Condie)	200
Yarmouth	Adjutant and Mrs. Matthews	200
Chatham, Ont.	(Ensign Waters, Lieut. Spillit-ti)	200
North Bay	Adjutant and Mrs. Poole	200
Sault Ste. Marie	(Commandant and Mrs. Poole)	200
Brudenell	(Captain and Mrs. Hempshead)	200
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Stratford	(Lieutenants Ford and Vain)	200
Bedford Park	(Captain Bobbit, Lieutenant Matthews)	200

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Scarlett Plains	(Captain Smith, Lieut. Harrington)	180
Earcourt	Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman	175
Toronto I	Adjutant and Mrs. Crowe	170
Guelph	Adjutant and Mrs. White	170
Picton	(Captain and Mrs. Mills)	170
Toronto, Ont.	Adjutant and Mrs. Payton	160
Cobourg	Adjutant and Mrs. McBain	155
Cornwall	Adjutant and Mrs. Pollock	155
Waterford	(Ensign Clague, Lieutenant Jones)	155
Saint John II	Adjutant and Mrs. Williams	150
Cambridge	Adjutant and Mrs. Campbellton	150
Woodstock, N. B.	Adjutant and Mrs. Lubbock	150
Saint John III	Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton	150
Ottawa II	Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton	150
Leamington	Adjutant and Mrs. Murray	150
Waissacburg	(Ensigns Chittenden and Stokes)	150

dreamed of victory winning in the Field.

When Della awoke the sun's bright rays were flooding her room. She jumped out of bed

HIS
MOTHER'S
FACE.

(See page 2)

The WAR CRY



The Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East and Newfoundland

LONDON
BANDSMEN'S
COUNCILS.

(See page 9)

No. 2273. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, MAY 12th, 1928.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry to help defray expenses.

Address: Colonel Morehen, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.



F. R. G. USON,
Robert Mc-
Donald, age
35; height 5 ft.
10 in.; weight 135
lbs.; brown hair;
Scotch-Irish; fair
hair; blue eyes;
pale complexion;
scrupulous sales-
man. Last known
address, in January,
1928, 619
Wellington Ave.,
Montreal. Physical
peculiarities:
tendons of left hand are
twisted together.
Result of childhood
accident. Fiancée
and only mother
are known to be
alive.

BERNARD, Charles A.—Scottish-Irish; age 50; weight 200 lbs.; blue eyes; dark complexion; prominent nose. Was in Niagara Falls, Canada, in 1915, left there several years ago. A railroad engineer by trade, was working at construction work in a garage. Information regarding this man dead or alive, will be appreciated.

THURLBEECH, Frederick—May be going by name of Freddie Millard, age 16 years. Was last heard of about six years ago when he was living at St. John, Quebec. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

YOUNG, Sydney Charles—Age 18

years; height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark hair; blue complexion; native of Bournemouth, England. When last heard of, he was around Toronto. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

TAYLOR, Hugh Chester—When last heard of, was living in Sudbury, Ont., January, 1928. Age 35 years; height 6 ft.; brown eyes; slight scar on one side of face. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

DAVIES, Harry—Age 53 years; height around 5 ft. 4 1/2 in.; medium brown hair, inclined to be bald on the top. He is a retired soldier, and has not been heard of since November, 1928. Should this meet the eye, please communicate, brother is very anxious to hear from him.

BERIS, or VERRIE, Albert—Age 45 years; height 5 ft. 10 in.; well built; eyes of dark complexion. When last heard of was wearing a blue suit, brown overcoat and grey cap. Any information leading to his present whereabouts will be appreciated by his mother.

JOHNSON, William Richard—Born on May 5th, 1906; fair complexion; hazel eyes; height 5 ft. 11 in.; weight 150 lbs.—was a truck driver. He has the index finger and the thumb is crooked. Last heard of in Powell River, B.C. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

KIRK, Arthur—Age 24 years; height 5 ft. 10 in.; fair hair and complexion; engaged on the land. He left England under the care of Mr. Bandford's Home. Last heard of in Niagara Falls, Ontario, in 1927. Should this meet the eye, please communicate, as his mother is very anxious for news.

ROSS, Sam Eugene—Last heard of from Moncton, N.B. Height 5 ft. 6 in.;

dark complexion, dark eyes. Any information please communicate, father anxious for news.

MURIE, James—Age 29 years; height 5 ft. 4 in.; brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; native of England. When last heard of, he was in Sudbury, Ont. Should this meet the eye, please communicate, his present whereabouts is urgently sought.

KEEFE, David C.—His last known address was 100 King St., North, Donovan, Man., in 1915. He was born in Wootton, England, and was sent to Canada from Dartmouth from the Industrial School when seven or eight years of age.

Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

MARTIN, William Hugh—Age 22 years; height 5 ft. 10 in.; dark hair; blue eyes; dark complexion; native of Cullomough. Is a motor driver by occupation, also a farm laborer. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

POWER, Daniel—Sister in England enquires. Age 54 years; height 5 ft. 8 in.; dark hair; dark eyes; dark complexion. Left for Canada 1888. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

JAMES, Henry and Arthur—The whereabouts of these two young men is being sought by their father, who is very anxious to hear from them. Last heard of in Port Hope, Ont., twenty years ago.

REED, Bert D.—Left Sioux City, Iowa, several years ago. Served in the Canadian Army during the war. Is an automobile mechanic by trade. May be in Philadelphia. Mother and son anxious for news.

MARSHALL, William Hugh—Age 22 years; height 5 ft. 10 in.; dark hair; blue eyes; dark complexion; native of Cullomough. Is a motor driver by occupation, also a farm laborer. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

MAJOR CAMERON: North Bay, Sat.-Sun., May 18-19.

MAJOR OWEN: Whitby, Pier-Sat., Sun., May 19-20; Sydney, Thurs., May 21; Sydney Mines, Sat.-Mon., May 22-23.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Yorkville, Thurs., May 18; Ryecroft, Sun., May 19; Yorkville, Thurs., May 17; Dartmouth Sun., May 20; Bedford Park, Tues., May 22.

MAJOR TILLEY: Trenton, Thurs., May 1; Dartmouth, Sun., May 13; Halifax, 1. Sun., May 17.

COMING EVENTS

We are Looking for You

Mrs. Colonel Henry

St. Thomas—Thurs., May 10 (Home League meeting, 3 p.m.; Public meeting, 8 p.m.)

COLONEL ADBY: Carleton Place, Fri., May 11; Ottawa, III, Sat., May 12; Smith's Falls, Sun., May 13 (morning and night); Peterborough; Ottawa, 1, Mon., May 14.

COLONEL HARGRAVE: Danforth, Sun., May 20.

COLONEL TAYLOR: Kitchener, Sat.-Sun., May 12-13.

LT.-COLONEL SAUNDERS: Peterborough, Sun., May 27.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. BLOSS: Barrie, Sun., May 20-21.

BRIGADIER MACDONALD: Peterborough, Fri., May 25; Galtodene, Sat., May 26; Kingston, Sun., May 27; Brockville, Mon., May 28.

MAJOR RITCHIE: North Bay, Sat.-Sun., May 18-19.

MAJOR OWEN: Whitby, Pier-Sat., Sun., May 19-20; Sydney, Thurs., May 21; Sydney Mines, Sat.-Mon., May 22-23.

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